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The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly
Review of Literature,
Art & Life*

Vol.
XXXIX

November, 1901

No.
5

A
MAN OF LETTERS
IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

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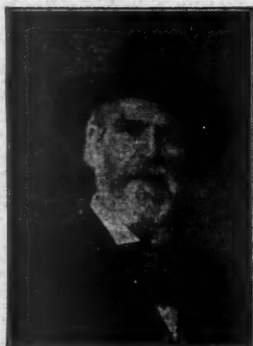
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**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE VERANDA
OF HIS HOME AT OYSTER BAY, L. I.***

* See Page 401

The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life*

Vol. XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1901

No. 5

The Lounger

THE indefatigable Bernhardt does not even rest in vacation time, although she is a grandmother and acknowledges to something under sixty. She will spend a whole day in hunting and fishing with as little thought of being tired as her son who accompanies her. Mme. Bernhardt's costumes for the chase are, we are told, always white. With her gun over her shoulder she follows the agile rabbit, or in her bare feet she wades for hours at a time in pursuit of the elusive shrimp. Now that Mme. Bernhardt has come back to work, it is announced that she will appear in a drama written for her by Mr. Marion Crawford with Francesca da Rimini as a subject. This will make the third play in which this particular Francesca figures that will be seen on the boards during the current season. M. Marcel Schwob, who translated "Hamlet" into French for Mme. Bernhardt, will also put Mr. Crawford's play into that language for her.

Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse are together writing an illustrated history of English literature, which will be published in four volumes by Mr. Heinemann. With two

such authors collaborating we may look for interesting results.

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson by Mr. Graham Balfour contains but one portrait of the dead author, which was made by his wife. For that reason it is interesting, but as a portrait, it gives us too much of the invalid to be altogether satisfactory. It is, however, as Mrs. Stevenson saw him, and is therefore valuable. But there are many photographs which I like better. As far as looks go, one prefers to remember a man at his best. St. Gaudens's medallion, which gives us the invalid, to be sure, yet shows the virility of the man's face.

It is hard to realize that Francesca Alexander is a woman of sixty. One always imagines her as a young girl, just about the age that she was when Ruskin discovered her. Miss Alexander's father was an American portrait painter who went to Florence to live, and most of her life has been spent in Italy. Her first book, "The Story of Ida," was the one that attracted Ruskin, and it is the one by which she will always be known. It stands side by side in popular affection with "Rab and His Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming."

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Photo by

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON

Elliott and Fry

Professor David Masson, who is the subject of the Real Conversation in this number of *THE CRITIC*, was born in Aberdeen in 1822. He has been Historical Biographer Royal for Scotland since 1893, emeritus professor of rhetoric and English literature in Edinburgh University from 1865 to 1895, and has published essays, histories, and biographies, the most famous of the latter being his life of Milton.

A

Mme. Duse is quoted as having said:

I am sick and tired of the theatre; not of my art, but of the flaring lights, the surroundings, the co-operation of other actors, the managers, secretaries, agents, and all the rest of the people who cluster round the theatre. I want to be free from the slavery of the theatre, free from all its associations.

The majority of the actors and actresses whose acquaintance I have made are despicable. When I am once free from this life I shall never go back to it. I say this, I, whom the world has called the greatest actress of the century. Now I am going to America. That will be my last tour.

I should not be at all surprised if Mme. Duse did say this, for I know it to be her view of the subject. She carries her dislike of the stage so far that she will not meet actors, no matter how distinguished. I know of one occasion where she deliberately left the drawing-room of a friend when she heard that there was to be an actor among the guests. Fortunately her fellow-craftsmen put this down to eccentricity and do not mind, for they are the most devoted admirers of her art.

The play that Miss Bertha Runkle and Mr. Lawrence Marston have made from her novel, "The Helmet of Navarre," has been in rehearsal for some weeks past and everything is running so smoothly that the superstitious are almost frightened. The

saying about love seems in many cases to hold good about plays. The course of true love never runs smooth, we are told, nor is the course of good plays an easy one. This is what

the "profession" say, but like most sayings there is very little truth in it. Some of the greatest successes that have ever been on the stage have been made by plays that have gone smoothly from the very start. It is also true that other plays, which seemed to be in desperate case before the first performance, have come out all right. Everybody is sanguine about the success of the play, from the smallest super to the star, Mr. Charles Dalton, who is favorably known through his performance in "The Sign of the Cross." "The Helmet of

Navarre" will be tried out of town during the present month, and on the 2d of December will go into the Garden Theatre.

Miss Runkle has been attending the rehearsals of the play, and while she has no practical knowledge of the stage she has excellent ideas on the subject. One might say of her that she had no practical knowledge of novel-writing

until "The Helmet of Navarre" was written, and yet see what a success that has been. To be sure, Mr. Marston, who is a practical playwright, has worked in collaboration with Miss Runkle, but his work has been that

of construction, for the author is hardly to be expected to know the technicalities of stagecraft. The portrait

of Miss Runkle here given is the first one to be published with her permission, and was taken for THE CRITIC by Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbery, one of the cleverest of New York's amateur photographers.



There are at the present time nine new editions of Dickens's novels being published in England, which proves the continued popularity of this great novelist. According to English statistics, Dickens is still the most popular English writer, with Scott coming next. How many editions of Dickens have been published in this country it would be very difficult to say; enough to have made Dickens rich beyond the dreams of avarice had there

been any American copyright on his books. Even now there are only four of his novels that have not run

out of English copyright: "A Tale of Two Cities," published in November, 1859; "Great Expectations," in August, 1861; "Our Mutual Friend," in November, 1865; and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in September, 1870.

Yours sincerely,

Bertha Runkle

The Maine Historical Society is trying to raise a fund sufficient to keep intact as a memorial the Wadsworth-Longfellow house at Portland, bequeathed to it by Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce, the sister of the poet. Mrs. Pierce's deed makes the Historical Society trustee on certain terms to hold the title and keep the property in its present condition as a memorial of the poet for all time. Besides careful provisions to this end, the Historical Society is required to make "its permanent home on the premises, to erect, in the rear of the house, the hall for its cabinet and library, and to remove them there within reasonable time." To meet all these conditions it is necessary to raise a fund of from \$75,000 to \$100,000, and to this end the Society is sending out circulars soliciting contributions. Any one interested in

the Society's admirable purpose may send a contribution to Mr. Fritz H. Jordan, Treas., Portland, Maine.

24

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the well-known London publisher, has just purchased the *English Illustrated Magazine* which he intends to remodel on the lines of THE CRITIC, making a literary magazine of it. The *English Illustrated* has changed hands more than once. It has never been a success, though it has been published by leading publishers. It was founded with the idea of competing with the *Century* and *Harper's* magazine in London, but was always away behind either of these magazines in the matter of illustration, and it was illustration which its publishers meant to be its strong point. For some reason or other, English magazines are weakest in the line of illustration. There is only one English periodical that can compare in half-tone work and printing with the American magazines, and that is the popular weekly, *Country Life*. Mr. Unwin, by changing the character of the *English Illustrated*, stands a good chance of making it successful. He has had experience as a magazine publisher, having for a number of years been the publisher of the *Century Magazine* in London.

24

Monuments to French men of letters multiply, one of the most recent being the M. de Saint-Marceaux statue of Alphonse Daudet, executed for the Société des Gens de Lettres, and exhibited in an unfinished state at the Salon of this year. The sculptor has managed to combine much noble simplicity and careful handling of mass in this work, which is distinctly more successful than his recumbent and almost ridiculous statue of the late President Faure, which also figured in the current Salon.

Is it interesting to note in this connection, however, that the proposed statue of the late M. Paul Verlaine may not be undertaken owing to a lack of response to the call for subscriptions.



From

Le Figaro Salon

STATUE OF DAUDET BY ST. MARCEAUX



From

STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO BY RODIN

Le Figaro Salon

It was inevitable that Rodin should have given a plastic version of Victor Hugo which would shatter convention, and—as usual—the inevitable has transpired. The great poet of Romanticism has been represented “naked as a god, strong as a giant,” reclining among the rocks by the seashore. When the work is finished he will be seen listening to the voices of Muses perched on the rocks above his head, his feet washed by restless waves. The rugged beauty of this conception and the unquestioned nobility of the poet's

attitude have partially silenced those who cry aloud against Rodin's art, and the statue, when completed, will be the vigorous and compelling tribute of one Romanticist—for such Rodin is—to the memory of another. Whether the sculptor should or should not have depicted his subject nude is a matter of pure æsthetic feeling, and in any event Rodin's bold defiance of modernity is not, as one nonconformist has implied, as absurd as decking Aphrodite in a Worth gown or Hermes in a Lincoln & Bennett hat.



Burr McIntosh

MISS BLANCHE WALSH

Studio

(As Joan of the Sword Hand in a dramatization of S. R. Crockett's novel of that name)

The Spectator, of Cleveland, Ohio, boldly declares that J. P. Mowbray, whose "Journey to Nature" has delighted the reading world, is not J. P. Mowbray at all, but a very different person. *The Spectator* is sure that Mr. Andrew C. Wheeler, well known some years ago in New York as a musical and dramatic critic writing over the name of "Nym Crinkle," is hiding his identity behind the name of Mowbray. *The Spectator* finds it "amusing to note the ecstasy of the literary critics over this performance of 'Crinkle's,' of whom, apparently, they have never heard," and declares that he wrote better in the old days than he does now. *The Spectator* may be right. J.

P. Mowbray may be Andrew C. Wheeler, but if he is, he is hidden behind a more impenetrable mask than a change of name. Mr. Wheeler was always an entertaining writer and probably the most read critic of his time, but nothing could be less like his style than that of J. P. Mowbray. But strange things happen in the literary world, and Mowbray may be our old friend Wheeler, after all. As I remember Mr. Wheeler when he was a New York journalist he had a yearning for nature which found vent in painting. He also loved books and had a valuable library in which he spent his happiest hours.

22

In "A Retrospect of American Humor," in the November *Century*, Professor Trent, of Columbia, revives the anecdote of THE CRITIC'S calling attention to a remarkable parallel between a militia-drilling incident in Judge Longstreet's "Georgian Scenes" (1840) and Mr. Hardy's "Trumpet-Major" (1880). An editorial writer in the London *Daily News* declared that the English writer had so improved on his American original as to justify his appropriation of the material; upon which THE CRITIC confessed that, by a printer's error, the name of the two authors had been transposed at the top of the parallel columns, so that Mr. Hardy's champion had really committed himself in favor of the Georgian.

23

Limited editions of books of special interest, printed in dainty form, are becoming a feature of the annual output of the Riverside Press. Last year the Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo, the Rubaiyat, and Thoreau "On Friendship," were issued, the edition, in one case, being exhausted within a month of publication, and, in another, ten days before the book appeared. This year Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" is to be reprinted, in French, and in exact reproduction of the French style. Senancour's "Obermann: Letters to a Friend" has been translated by Jessie Peabody Frothingham, and the readers

of Matthew Arnold who have no French will rejoice to get the famous romance in English. And Thackeray's *Punch* papers, "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," have been grouped in a typically English

Mr. Max Beerbohm, who is the subject of an illustrated article on another page of *THE CRITIC*, was born in London in 1872. He was educated at Charterhouse and Merton College, Oxford. He is the brother of Beerbohm

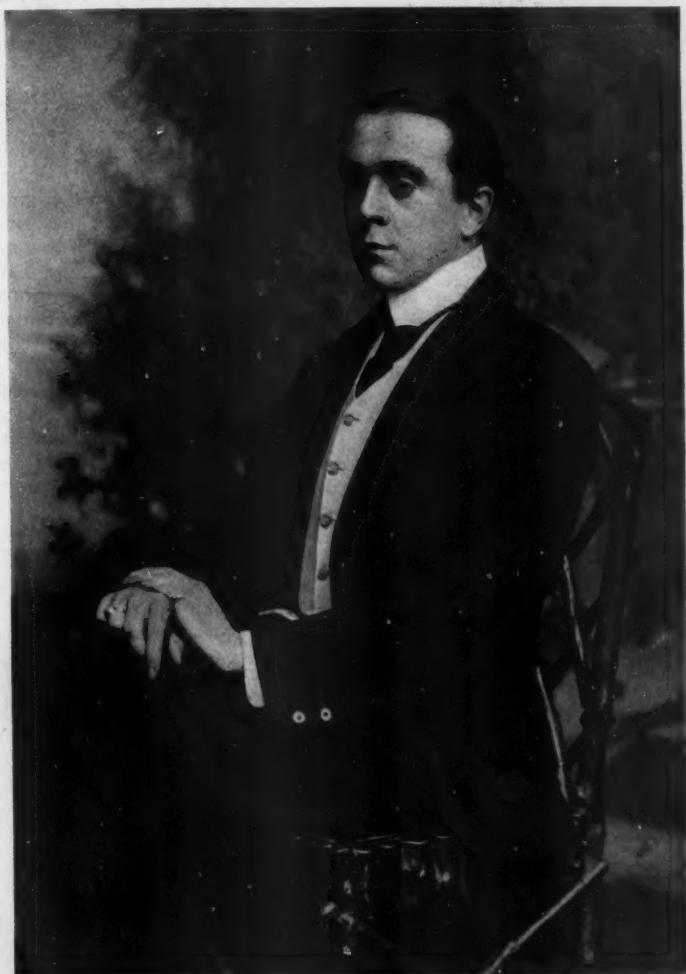


Photo by

MR. MAX BEERBOHM ("MAX")

Russell & Sons

volume. Like the three books of last year, these three new ones have been designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers, and are printed and bound with a refinement by no means too common in these days of unlimited editions.

Tree, the well-known actor, but his own reputation is too well established to need any introduction through his brother. Mr. Beerbohm has written books and illustrated them. He has also written a play which was in its



From

M. ANTOINE

Le Théâtre

way a success. It was fantastic and had a good deal of the bizarre quality conspicuous in his drawings.



It is no difficult matter to name the man who during the past ten or twelve years has done more for French dramatic art than any dozen of his colleagues. Through his consuming passion for the theatre and his vigorous independence, M. Antoine, once an obscure employé of a Parisian gas company, has managed to revolutionize French acting and, in a measure, French play-making as well. Beginning in 1887 with a little room in the Passage de l'Elysée des Beaux-Arts, the 'Théâtre-Libre' gradually widened its sphere of influence until its projector now manages his 'Théâtre Antoine.' During these years M. Antoine has brought to light an incredible number of local actors and playwrights, besides offering French theatre-goers their first opportunity of witnessing such masterpieces of the foreign stage as Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" and numerous plays by Ibsen, Björnson, Hauptmann, and others. M. Antoine's watchwords have been verity and naturalness, and while he has sometimes gone a shade too far, as when he introduced the sanguine carcass of an ox in a butcher-

shop scene, his innovations have usually been well, though boldly, conceived. Still a young man, M. Antoine has fruitful years before him, and certain of his friends hope—not without reason—that he may some day have an opportunity to rejuvenate the traditions of "La Maison Molière."



Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is a young woman, as her portrait proves, and this, I believe, is her first book. She has written stories for the magazines, but has never seen her work between cloth covers before. Miss Hegan comes from Louisville, Kentucky, and adds one more to the already notable band of young women of the South who have distinguished themselves in literature. "Mrs. Wiggs" is just the opposite of "Mrs. Green." "Mrs. Wiggs" is an optimist, 'Mrs. Green' a pessimist. Both characters are founded on fact, and both are delightfully humorous in their different ways.



MISS ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN



MRS. MEYNELL

(From a drawing by Will Rothenstein)

Mrs. Meynell, who arrived in this country a few weeks ago, will deliver a series of short lectures before certain colleges here and will then return to England. It was not, however, so much to lecture as to observe, that Mrs. Meynell has come to this country. She was sent out, I understand, by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to write a series of articles on American life and scenery. Mrs. Meynell has long been a staff contributor to the *Pall Mall*, sharing with Mrs. Pennell the honors of a column called "The Wares of Autolycus," Mrs. Meynell writing on life in general, Mrs. Pennell on the subject of food from an expert's standpoint.

22

The *Sun* for September 29th contained a very pertinent article by Mr. George Riddle on the "Decadence of English Speech." This is the age of steam and electricity with a vengeance, says Mr. Riddle.

It is the age of indolent superficiality skimming

over the surface of things in its alleged eclecticism of education and "culture." It is the age of overcrowded curricula in schools and colleges, with athletics on top and pure speech at the bottom. It is the age when the fiat goes forth, "Boys and girls, if you can *spell* a word correctly, it matters not how you *pronounce* it. You will be understood somehow, and if you are not, it makes no difference. After all, if you speak too distinctly and correctly, you may not be easily understood."

At first reading there may appear to be a trace of exaggeration in this jeremiad, but any one who has grappled with the difficulty of trying to eradicate slipshod utterance and provincial mispronunciation of even the commonest words, knows that everything Mr. Riddle says is too true. We cannot now unreservedly look to college professors or to the clergy for scholarly use of their own language. If these fountains of inspiration yield no aid, where can we look? Time was when the stage furnished a standard,—in the days of Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth. Mr. Riddle pays two of our actresses deserved compliments:



HENRIK IBSEN



BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON

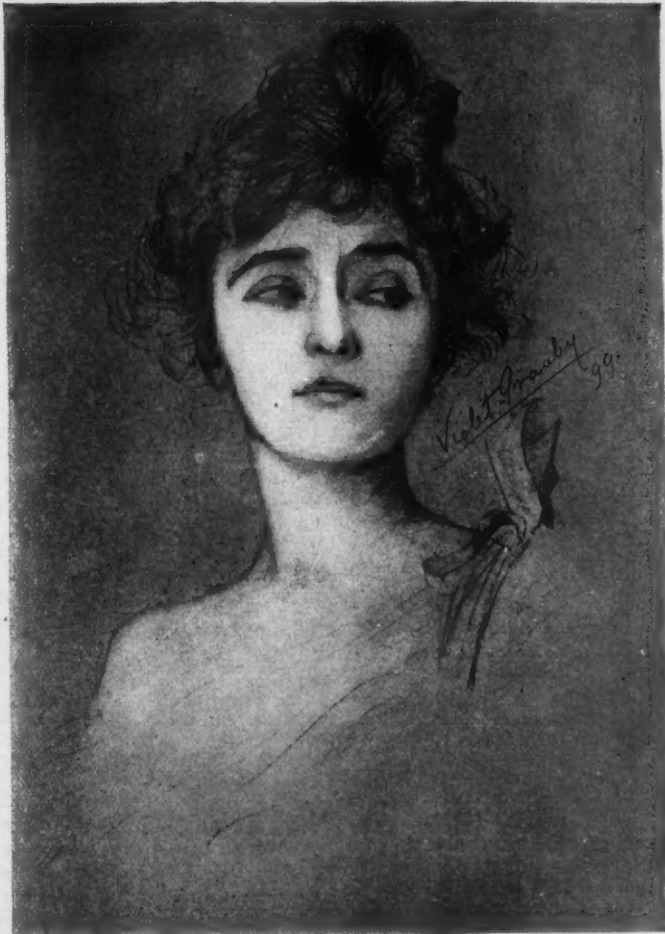
Amid all the tinkering and commonplace search for new readings and the vulgar pronunciation, it is a pleasure to know that there are at least two conspicuous exemplars on the American stage of pronunciation and enunciation, Mrs. Fiske and Miss Marlowe. Gifted as these women are in beauty, fascination, simplicity, and grace, their voices are "excellent things," and their English a delight to the ear.

To these names, from among actresses, may be added that of Mrs. Lemoyne, and from among actors that of Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Otis

Skinner, whose intellectual reading of their lines and whose well-placed voices make listening to them a delight. In "Richard Lovelace" and "If I Were King" Mr. Sothorn has won new laurels by the manner in which he recites the verses that fall to his lot. The jeremiads against the present condition of spoken English should indeed be set in the major key of appeal and strenuous effort, rather than in the minor key of hopeless resignation.

There is something particularly appropriate in the fact that the statues of Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, which have recently been erected in Christiania, should stand facing each other in the plaza which surrounds the new National Theatre. More than any

has moved forward in his appointed way, carrying Norse literature far beyond the limits of Scandinavia. Young blond giants such as Vilhelm Krag, who write pallid verse and delicate pastels in prose, who saunter past the National Theatre of an after-



MISS AMALIA KÜSSNER
(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby)

Norwegian writers of their time, Ibsen and Bjørnson have striven for a national expression in literature, and the scene of their sturdy efforts and signal successes has largely been the theatre. Their paths parted early, but each

noon or who drive under its arches on first nights, would do well to note these two berserks, who seem now to have joined forces after a long battle which has not proven—beyond their strength.

Miss Amalia Küssner is considered by some people as the "Miss Angel" of the present day. In a way she is. She is no better as a draughtsman than Angelica Kauffman, but like that lady she pleases. There is a certain something in her work that people like, particularly fashionable people, and she is in constant demand among royalties and titled folk. Miss Küssner is an American, living abroad, where she has recently married. She has the distinction of being paid the highest prices ever paid to any living miniature artist. When she began she received about \$1000 apiece for her miniatures. But now she gets \$1500 and \$2000 for each of these tiny portraits.



MRS. LUCY M. THURSTON

Mrs. Lucy M. Thurston, whose portrait we take pleasure in printing, is the author of "Mistress Brent," one of the most recently published and likely-to-be-popular novels on Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s list.

If there was much money in printing, the American printer would stand a chance of becoming a very rich man. Every printing house within reach of New York, and some that are pretty well out of reach of that city, have more work to do than they can well accomplish. A publisher told me the other day that it would be impossible

for any man not already a customer of the larger printing houses to get any work done by them, as they are so crowded with orders. When one sees the number of books that are published it is easy to believe that printing presses are groaning with the work, and booksellers' counters are bending under the strain. One of the largest booksellers in this city says frankly that he cannot pretend to push any but the popular books. The new author has got to wait until the public clamor for him before he will get any display in the book stores. This is hard, but it is not altogether unfair. If there were fewer books the new author would stand a chance with the booksellers, but a bookseller is only human. He is in the business, as most men are, to make money, and till an author gets a reputation he cannot afford to push him.

New authors do, however, get heard. It is the public, and not the publisher or the bookseller, that makes their reputation. I have a case in mind at the present moment of a young author whose first book is just out. It has been published with no special flourish of trumpets, but every review of it has praised it enthusiastically and every one who has read it recommends it to his friends. In this way reputations are made. And this book is not an historical novel but is rather a study of character, but it has the vital touch, which is bound to get recognition.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* writes at length upon the want of enterprise of English publishers in the matter of advertising books. The English publisher, this writer said, is timorous of spending £100 on a new book, and he estimates that £20 would represent the average sum expended upon the advertising of a novel. English publishers ought to get rich at this rate if their books sell. Advertising is the heaviest expense of the American publishers. From \$50,000 to \$150,000 a year is what the largest houses in this country pay for advertising. What with

the demands of authors and the cost of advertising, the American publisher does not stand a very good chance of becoming a millionaire. As a matter of fact, there are no millionaire publishers in America. There may be some who are worth a million or more,

auspices, that although she had decided some time ago not to come to America, she could not resist this practical appeal. Madame Grand comes with two lectures: "Mere Man" and "The Way to Happiness." She has delivered these with decided success in

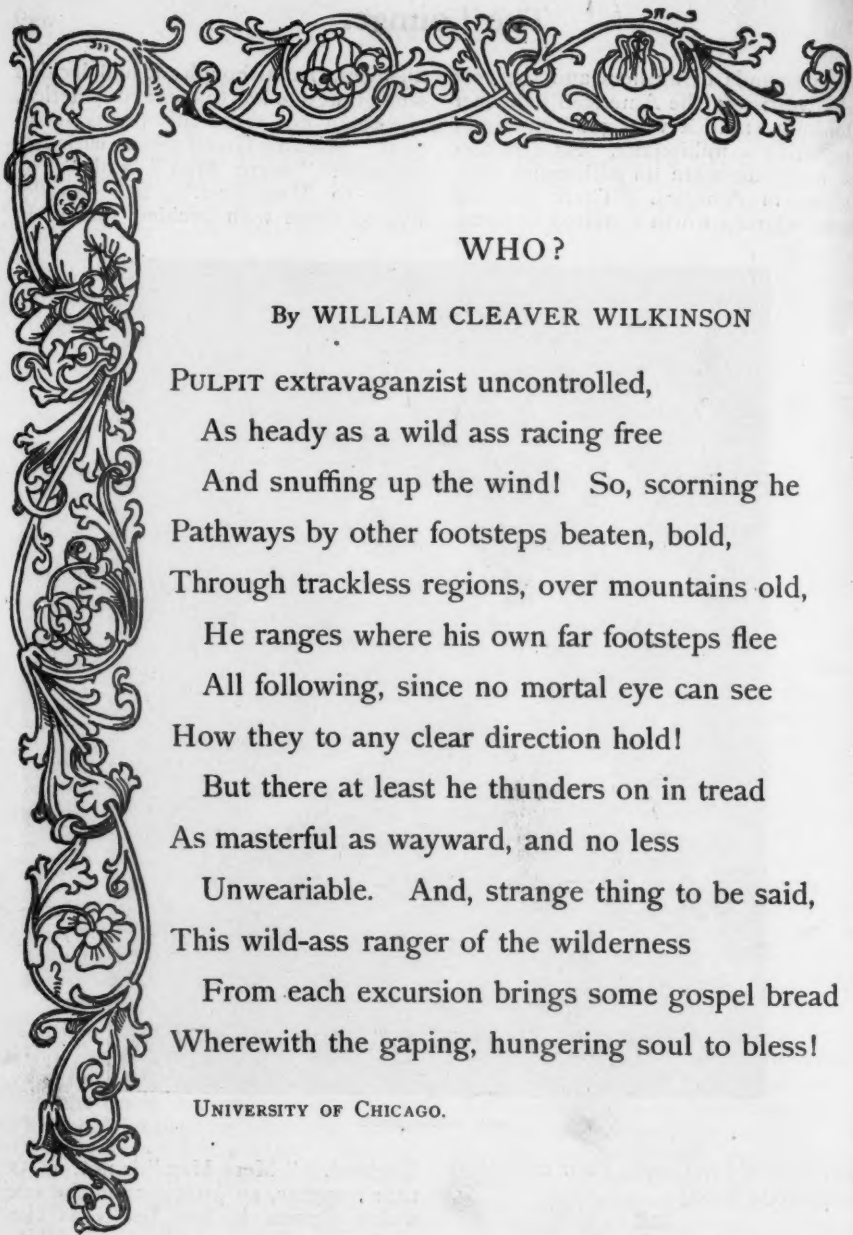


MME. SARAH GRAND

but they did not make their money by publishing books.

Madame Sarah Grand has come to America to deliver a course of lectures under the direction of Major Pond. Major Pond visited Madame Grand in England during the past summer and so interested her in his tales of fortunes won on the lecture field through his

England. "Mere Man" is not, as its title suggests, an attack upon the sex which figures in her books as the weaker, but is rather a humorous skit. I am told that the women's clubs, are not particularly anxious to engage the services of Madame Grand, but there are enough other organizations that do want her to assure the success of her American tour.



WHO?

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

PULPIT extravaganzist uncontrolled,
As heady as a wild ass racing free
And snuffing up the wind! So, scorning he
Pathways by other footsteps beaten, bold,
Through trackless regions, over mountains old,
He ranges where his own far footsteps flee
All following, since no mortal eye can see
How they to any clear direction hold!
But there at least he thunders on in tread
As masterful as wayward, and no less
Unweariable. And, strange thing to be said,
This wild-ass ranger of the wilderness
From each excursion brings some gospel bread
Wherewith the gaping, hungering soul to bless!

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

A Man of Letters in the White House

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

AS THEODORE ROOSEVELT is better known as an author than any of his four-and-twenty predecessors in the Presidency, it is fitting that on the occasion of his entering the White House, a literary magazine should review his work as a man of letters. Such a review is the more appropriate, since his activity as a writer is likely to abate, if not to cease, for some years to come. As chief magistrate of the United States, even so indefatigable a worker as Mr. Roosevelt must find scant opportunity for book-making. Between the 14th of September, when he took the oath of office at Buffalo, and the 4th of March, 1905 or 1909, as the case may be, it is likely that the list of his writings will be extended by little except state papers and public addresses. This is to be regretted, for while he will probably be remembered longer as an administrator than as an author, his books have an interest and value quite apart from the distinction of their author in other than literary fields.

As a rule, official papers and political speeches have been the only products of Presidential pens. Admirable in their way as are the writings of Washington, they derive their chief interest and importance from qualities in no wise literary. The author of the Declaration of Independence was notably a man of letters. The somewhat turgid rhetoric of that immortal manifesto impaired its literary value without diminishing its effectiveness as a campaign document. When he wrote the "Notes on Virginia," Jefferson's style had taken on a somewhat soberer hue. Madison and John Quincy Adams, as all students of American political history are aware, cultivated the art of expression with assiduity and success, the latter surpassing even his latest successor in the variety of his output, which included historical fiction, translations, and hymns. General Grant's "Memoirs" are written in a style which for clearness and simplicity might serve as a model for future

autobiographies of men of action. The late President Harrison, the murdered President Garfield, and that latest victim of the assassin's bullet whose untimely taking-off has now brought Mr. Roosevelt into power, were all three writers and speakers of ability. Ex-President Cleveland, whose views on public questions are commonly couched in phrases of more than Johnsonian rotundity, shows himself, at times, to be capable of writing with enviable ease and grace, while some of his utterances are pithy to the last degree; as witness the examples cited by Mr. Stedman in his "Library of American Literature." Nor do the works of any professional author of the past century surpass in clearness, condensation, and vitality the Gettysburg speech, and certain other compositions from the same hand. And yet, while all admit his exceptional ability as a writer, no one ever thinks of Lincoln as a man of letters.

That one thinks of President Roosevelt as a literary man is due, not merely to his having written so much, but to his having produced works so varied in kind. His predecessors, with the exception of the younger Adams, confined themselves almost exclusively to the discussion of public affairs of more or less timely interest. The present occupant of the Executive Mansion, on the other hand, while he has written freely on political questions, as in "American Ideals," "The Strenuous Life," and "Essays on Practical Politics," has produced much that is less direct in its bearing on the public life of to-day and to-morrow,—such works as "The Naval War of 1812," the history of New York City, and "The Winning of the West," the lives of Benton, Gouverneur Morris, and Cromwell, and (in collaboration) "Hero Tales from American History," and that half-historical, half-autobiographical sketch, "The Rough Riders." Even this latter class of books differentiates the author less distinctly from the skilful

speakers and writers who have held the Presidency in the past, than do those volumes of personal adventure that have come from his pen at intervals during the past sixteen years, beginning with "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and continuing through "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" down to "The Wilderness Hunter," not to name three books of similar character in the preparation of which he has assisted. We find in the new President, therefore, not only a political essayist and orator, such as other Presidents since John Quincy Adams have been, but an historian, a biographer, and a chronicler of hunting and warring exploits in most of which he himself has been the principal actor. It is largely the purpose of this article to show in what circumstances his many books have been produced.

THE PRESIDENT AS MAN OF ACTION

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York on October 27, 1858. His first ancestor in America came from Holland in the seventeenth century, and for over two hundred years the family, which to-day has many branches, has held its own in the commercial and social life of the city. Through his mother and his paternal grandmother he inherits some of the best qualities of both the Scotch and Irish races. His father and namesake was a prosperous and public-spirited merchant, deeply interested in charitable work. The son, though far too plucky and energetic to keep out of the troubles proper to his age, was slight and delicate as a child; but having determined to become as vigorous as his companions, his strength of will carried him through, and by the time he entered Harvard College, in 1876, he was able to hold his own in every manly sport. On graduating in 1880 he went to Europe, and in the course of the summer found keen enjoyment in mountain-climbing, the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn being among the peaks he scaled. He is an honorary member of the Alpine Club of London.

Returning to America, he took up the study of the law; but in the fall of

the next year (1881), having interested himself in practical politics, he was elected to the Legislature by the Republicans of his district. His extreme youthfulness—he was then barely three and twenty—and the studious expression imparted by a pair of eyeglasses, caused his associates to mistake him, at first sight, for a political "tenderfoot"; but they were speedily disabused of this notion by the energy and aggressiveness he displayed from the start. Re-elected for the term of 1883, he was put forward as his party's candidate for the Speakership, but the majority of the Assembly was Democratic, and elected its own man. During his third term (1884), Mr. Roosevelt served as Chairman of the Committee on Cities, and presided over the sessions of an investigating committee whose report led to the enactment of a number of laws remedying gross abuses in the government of New York City.

It was natural enough that one who had accomplished so much for the good of the community, and consequently for the good of his party, should be elected as a delegate to the State convention held that year to choose delegates to the Republican National Convention, to nominate a successor to President Arthur; and that he should be selected as one of the four New York delegates-at-large (a special compliment for so young a man) to the Presidential nominating convention. It was largely due to his own exertions that the entire delegation consisted, not of machine men, but of independents. The candidate of their choice was Senator Edmunds of Vermont; yet, little as he relished the nomination of Mr. Blaine, which led to the first defeat of a Republican Presidential nominee in twenty-four years, Mr. Roosevelt remained in the party when the Mugwumps left it.

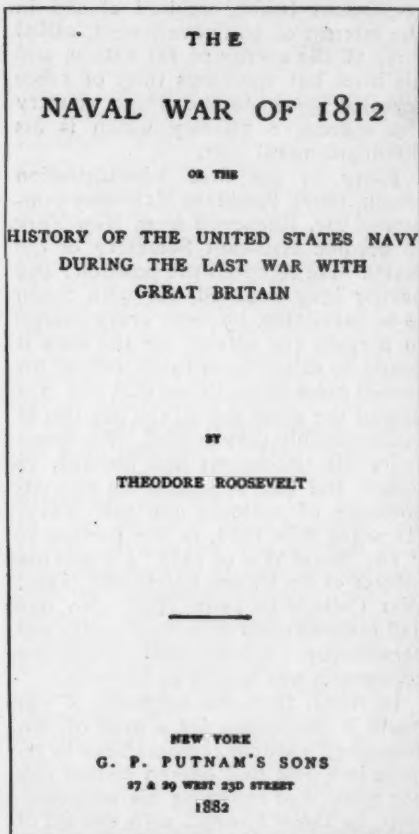
In this year (1884), having lost both his wife and his mother, and his own health being impaired, he bought two ranches, the Elk Horn and the Chimney Butte, at Medora, on the Little Missouri River, North Dakota, and went there to live. Throwing himself zeal-

ously into the work of cattle-raising in the Bad Lands, where the heat of summer is matched in intensity by the winter's bleakness, he became inured to all the hardships of the ranchman's life. Always a fearless rider, he was not long in becoming a good shot and a successful hunter. There was one thing, however, he never learned to do, and that was to sit a bucking horse. On one occasion he was thrown and broke a rib, on another, without being thrown, he contrived to break something in his shoulder, and had to do his share of the work of the round-up with one arm in a sling. So it was with amusement rather than surprise that he afterwards overheard one of his men confide to a neighbor, in a loud aside, "The boss aint no bronco-buster." It was not, therefore, as a tribute to his achievements in the saddle, that the Rough Riders, on disbanding, presented their chief with Remington's "Bronco-Buster" in bronze.

When he went out west, it was with the intention of remaining indefinitely. Two years later, however, he returned to the east, married again, and became the Republican nominee for Mayor of New York. There were three candidates in the field, Mr. Roosevelt's opponents being Abram C. Hewitt (Tammany) and Henry George (Socialist). Mr. Hewitt's election was a foregone conclusion; yet the Republican standard-bearer put up as stiff a fight as if he had expected to win. A piquant incident of this campaign was the appearance in *The Century* for November, 1886, of a paper on "Machine Politics in New York City," in which Mr. Roosevelt severely arraigned the machine of his own party, as well as the Tammany organization. The article had been written before he became a candidate, but was published, without modification, only a few days before the election.

It is worthy of note that between the years 1884 and 1888, Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the Eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., holding for three years the rank of captain. In the year 1887 he was one of the most

active spirits in organizing the Boone and Crockett Club, whose objects are hunting big game, exploration, and the preservation of game and forests. He



FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF
MR. ROOSEVELT'S FIRST BOOK

held the Presidency of the Club from its foundation till 1896, and collaborated in producing its three books.

The President's serious connection with national affairs may be said to date from May, 1889, when President Harrison appointed him a member of the Civil Service Commission, of which he soon became the head. For six years the young reformer discharged the duties of this important non-political office with characteristic ardor and faithfulness, only resigning, in the lat-

ter part of President Cleveland's second term (May, 1895), in order to accept a Police Commissionership in New York City, in the reform administration of Mayor Strong. The presidency of a bi-partisan board, devised chiefly in the interest of bad government, called forth all the energy of his nature, and his brief but troublous term of office revealed anew to the whole country the aggressive honesty which is his dominant moral trait.

Early in his first administration (April, 1897), President McKinley summoned Mr. Roosevelt from New York to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He accepted the position; and having long believed war with Spain to be inevitable, he bent every energy to prepare the service for the work it would be called upon to do, one of his special cares being to see that the men behind the guns got all the practice in marksmanship they needed. For many years Mr. Roosevelt had insisted, in season and out of season, on the importance of building up the Navy. He urged it in 1882, in the preface to "The Naval War of 1812"; it was the subject of his lecture before the Naval War College in June, 1897. No one had insisted upon it more urgently and persistently. His practical work in this connection was wholly to his taste.

In April, 1898, the outbreak of war made it impossible for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent temperament to remain in a post that offered neither risk nor glory, and resigning his secretaryship, he threw himself, with the aid of his friend Dr. Leonard Wood, of the regular Army, into the work of raising the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry—a regiment in which cowboys and ex-preachers, clubmen, college athletes, etc., found themselves riding thigh to thigh. It took only a month to organize and equip this oddly assorted body of recruits; and the account of how it was done forms perhaps the most entertaining chapter in Mr. Roosevelt's book recording his military experiences.

A decision having been reached, at Washington, that the cavalry taking part in the operations against Santiago should not be mounted, "Roosevelt's

Rough Riders"—as they had been promptly christened—were forced to serve on foot. At the first skirmish on Cuban soil, Colonel Wood was promoted to a generalship, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt took command of the regiment. Ample tribute has been paid to the gallantry and efficiency of officers and men at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill, and their leader had become a popular hero when Santiago fell, and the invading army, largely at his instance, was brought back to America before the island fevers had time to destroy it. For his services in the Spanish war an army board has under consideration his promotion to a brevet brigadier-generalship of volunteers. If its action is favorable, the President will be called upon to sign his own commission. This incident illustrates the extraordinary rapidity of his pace as a public man.

Mr. Roosevelt has not lacked academic honors. In 1899 he became a Doctor of Laws by grace of his *alma mater*, Harvard University; and Yale, on the occasion of her bi-centennial celebration (October, 1901), conferred upon him the same degree. This was the first public function he attended after assuming the Presidency, but the awarding of the degree had been decided on long before Mr. McKinley's death. For six years prior to 1901 he was a member of Harvard's Board of Overseers.

Just five months after he quitted the Navy to participate in the Cuban campaign, Colonel Roosevelt and his dismounted horsemen were mustered out of the service at Montauk, Long Island; and shortly afterwards, in response to his party's demand, the popular veteran was named as the Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York. His election followed in due course (November, 1898); and less than two years later, when he strongly desired a second term, to complete the important "unfinished business" of his administration, the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency was forced upon him. In the course of an extended tour, he spoke on the issues of the day with a frequency and vigor that severely tested his

exceptional powers of endurance; and the campaign resulting in a Republican victory in November, 1900, he took his seat as presiding officer of the Senate two months after the close of his term as Governor—that is, at the beginning of last March. The Vice-Presidency—an anomalous office—has proved the graveyard of political reputations; yet no one expected Mr. Roosevelt to sink into insignificance in that post. As fate would have it, the lamentable death of President McKinley has raised him to an office to which it was generally expected he would be called some day by the directly expressed wish of the people. No other man has ever become Chief Executive of the Republic at so early an age. When Grant ceased to be General of the Army and became Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, he was nearly forty-seven years old; Mr. Cleveland entered the White House at forty-eight, Franklin Pierce was only a few months older, while Mr. Roosevelt lacked six weeks of being forty-three.

The extreme importance of selecting for the Vice-Presidency a man of the highest ability, in thorough accord with his official chief, was never better illustrated than when President McKinley was stricken down at Buffalo, and the reins of government fell into Mr. Roosevelt's capable and experienced hands. His course during the first weeks of his administration justifies every confidence in his successful conduct of public affairs.

THE PRESIDENT AS AUTHOR

The only thing that unnerves President Roosevelt is literary composition. He brings to the task of writing a book the same absorbing and untiring energy that he displays in warfare, the chase, and political campaigning; the work is necessarily confining, and prolonged confinement and close occupation become irksome and debilitating to a man of robust build and sanguine temperament, accustomed to being much in the open air. It suits some people perfectly. One well-known author of my acquaintance, not far from seventy years of age, works in his library from

twelve to fifteen hours a day, setting foot outdoors but once a week; yet he has never known a day's illness, and is one of the least nervous men in America. Sedentary occupation agrees with him; he thrives on it. Not so the President; yet with characteristic grit he has faced the ordeal of authorship to such good purpose that a dozen works from his pen have made their appearance within the past nineteen years. And this in the course of an arduous public career covering almost the entire period of his literary activity.

It is a significant fact that a man destined to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy at a critical moment in the development of that branch of the national service, and Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the country, should have begun his literary career by writing a history of the Navy in the days when it first became powerful and famous. "The Naval War of 1812," which must have been long preparing, appeared, in two volumes, in the author's twenty-fourth year (1882). It was the first attempt at an impartial account of that brilliant episode in American history; yet the youthful historian, with characteristic frankness, admitted that it could not be free from errors, and that "these errors will probably be in favor of the American side." There can be no doubt that the publication of this work, by favorably affecting public opinion, made easier the task of rehabilitating the Navy, which began only a year or two later. In a preface to the third edition was given an account of the land operations of the war, which were without interest, save in so far as they taught, negatively, the importance of military preparedness.

"Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," Mr. Roosevelt's second book, following the first after an interval of three years (1885), records certain of his experiences as a cattle-raiser in Dakota. Besides the accounts of shooting expeditions, it gives interesting glimpses of ranch life in summer and winter, records the author's "perfect dread" of the bucking habit in horses; and his obligation to the writers whose works

beguiled the tedium of long days indoors. Incidentally it paints a very pretty picture of the future President sitting spellbound on horseback for a happy quarter of an hour, listening to the Missouri skylark singing on the wing, "soaring overhead, and mounting in spiral curves until it can hardly be seen, while its bright, tender strains never cease for a moment."

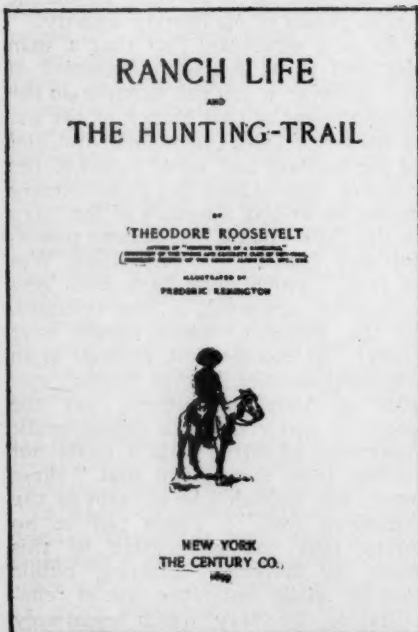
Mr. John T. Morse showed no little sagacity as an editor in engaging Mr.

The book is written with youthful animation, but contains many sound views on public questions such as the author would stand for to-day as willingly as he stood for them fifteen years ago. Typical of these are his approbation of party spirit and his denunciation of the spoils system.

The life of Gouverneur Morris followed that of Benton in 1888; and the historian who had eulogized the stalwart western Democrat showed the breadth of his sympathies and culture by seeing quite as much to admire in the very different type represented by the New York diplomat and constitution-maker, and originator of the Erie Canal. He pronounces the history of Morris's service in France to be "one of the most brilliant chapters in our diplomatic annals," and holds Morris himself to have been the most penetrating observer and recorder of contemporaneous events living at the time of the French Revolution.

In this year (1888) appeared also "Essays on Practical Politics." This little volume in the Questions of the Day series was made up of two papers from *The Century*, with an introduction replying to the criticism that they failed to provide a remedy for the evils it was their purpose to expose. The first of these articles, "Phases of State Legislation," had appeared in January, 1885; the second, "Machine Politics in New York City," dated from November, 1886.

"Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," teeming with illustrations by Remington well worthy of the text, came out in 1888. No one who reads it can wonder that its author is the idol of ranchmen and cowboys. His descriptions of personal adventures are as free from boastfulness as from false modesty. He finds himself very much at home among the rough workers of the West, has been uniformly well treated by them, and only once has been maliciously shot at. The details of this little affair are not given; but there is a graphic account of the rounding-up of three desperate and fugitive thieves, involving a journey of many days by land and ice-gorged



Roosevelt to write two of the volumes in the series of American Statesmen. The first of these, a life of Thomas Hart Benton (1887), opens with an admirable chapter on "The Young West"—a west which was very far to the eastward of what is known as the west in these late days. His biographer writes *con amore* of the representative western statesman of the higher type, who, born in North Carolina, sojourned in Tennessee, and rose to political prominence in Missouri, representing that "extreme western outpost" in the Senate for thirty years.

river, with the thermometer generally at zero, and Winchester rifles always in the captors' hands. For this arduous service as deputy-sheriff, on which his few hours of leisure were given to "Anna Karénina," Mr. Roosevelt was proud to receive fifty dollars. Most men would have paid five hundred to avoid it. No truer appreciation of cowboy character has been printed than the closing paragraph of the chapter on "Frontier Types." It shows the author's literary style at its best.

To the comparative respite from political activity that followed Mr. Roosevelt's defeat in the mayoralty campaign of 1886 is due his most important historical work, "The Winning of the West," the first two volumes of which were issued in 1889. This may be said to supplement the brilliant series in which Francis Parkman, to whom it is fittingly dedicated, dealt with the pioneer life of an earlier day. In the preface, its preparation is declared to have been "emphatically a labor of love," the writer's own experience of frontier life enabling him thoroughly to appreciate the achievements of the border folk of the past. The series opens with an account of the pioneer movement from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, the first volume covering the period from 1769 to 1776, and the second extending over the seven years of the Revolution.

A brief history of his native city was contributed by Mr. Roosevelt to the Longmans' series of Historic Towns in 1891. It presents in summary form, though in a style abundantly readable, the significant facts in the development of New Amsterdam, in less than three centuries, from a paltry Dutch trading hamlet into a thriving English town, and finally into the American metropolis—the second city in the world. The narrative is unbiassed by any prepossession due to the writer's descent from the race from which the political control of the community was wrested. In the preface a brief lay sermon is preached on the subject of "Americanism," by which is meant the absorption of all other national feelings and prejudices in a whole-souled devo-

tion to the political ideals of the Republic. This the author has found in naturalized citizens no less than in those of native birth.

A companion volume to "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" came from Mr. Roosevelt's tireless pen in 1893. This was "The Wilderness Hunter"—a sumptuous volume with illustrations by various hands. Many of the adventures it recounts were those of the author himself, who has had the good luck (as he puts it) to bring down specimens of all the big game of the United States. He testifies in these pages to the zest imparted to his literary work, when ranching, by his frequent absence on "round-ups" and hunting trips. The preface brings home to the reader the keen delight the author derives today from the recollection of his old free life in the Bad Lands of Dakota.

In the same year with "The Wilderness Hunter" (1893) came the third volume of "The Winning of the West"—the founding of the Alleghany commonwealths, 1784-90; and a work on "American Big-Game Hunting," edited for the Boone and Crockett Club by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. George Bird Grinnell.

The year 1895 saw the publication of "Hero-Tales from American History," a collection of stories, sketches, and character studies, fourteen of which were written by Mr. Roosevelt and twelve by Senator Lodge. The style is adapted to the purpose of the work, which is to inculcate patriotism in the bosom of Young America. The same year brought a new edition of the monograph on New York, with a postscript covering the lustrum 1890-95, and treating especially of the temporary overthrow of Tammany Hall by Dr. Parkhurst and his followers, with W. L. Strong as their standard-bearer. In this year also came "Hunting in Many Lands"—a new Boone and Crockett book, under the same editorship as its forerunner. The following year (1896) brought a third volume in the Club series ("Trail and Camp Fire"); and Vol. IV. of "The Winning of the West," dealing with Louisiana and the Northwest, 1791-1809.

And here for the present this history is likely to rest. As Vice-President Mr. Roosevelt might have found time to continue it; as President he can hardly hope to.

"American Ideals, and Other Essays" (1897), contains a baker's-dozen of magazine articles and speeches in addition to the two *Century* papers printed in the Questions of the Day volume in 1888. The fifteen chapters range in date from "Phases of State Legislation" (January, 1885) to "Washington's Maxim," a Naval War College lecture of June, 1897, urging military preparedness, with the Spanish war looming large in the speaker's mind. Others of these papers are from the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Review of Reviews*, etc.

Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has ever written exceeds in interest his personal account of the campaign in Cuba in the summer of 1898. This appeared serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, beginning in January, 1899 (simultaneously with his assumption of the Governorship of New York), and was published in book form later in the same year. The story of how he and Dr. Leonard Wood organized "The Rough Riders" at San Antonio, Texas, and got them to Tampa, Florida, by train and to Daiquiri by transport, and of what was done by officers and men in the jungles and on the hills between the coast and Santiago, is as fascinating as a romance. Nothing could be more picturesque than the subject matter; and everything is related with the directness and animation that such a narrative demands; nor could the tale have been told more diffidently without marring not only its effectiveness but its fidelity to fact. The personality of the chronicler, who was always the animating spirit of the organization, and during most of the campaign its commander, is necessarily conspicuous; anyone else writing the history of the regiment would have given it greater prominence than it here receives. Needless to say, the book proved vastly popular.

"Oliver Cromwell" was written

while Mr. Roosevelt was Governor, and appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, and as a book in the year 1900. Mr. Morley's work on Cromwell was running at the same time in *The Century*. The two books were reviewed together. This was hard on Mr. Roosevelt, not because Mr. Morley is the most accomplished historical essayist and biographer writing in the English language to-day, but because his "Oliver Cromwell" is really a history of England under Charles I. and the Protectorate, with the Protectorate as its central figure. It was written at a time when its author had renounced political activities, and could give his time unreservedly to literary tasks. Mr. Roosevelt's monograph, produced under far less favorable conditions, was much slighter in bulk and more modest in aim. It is a simple narrative of Cromwell's life, with running comments suggested largely by the author's personal experience of political exigencies. It derives its main value from the sidelights thrown on the writer's own character and career. Himself a resolute man of action, with a hearty contempt for conventionality and red tape when they seem to hinder right doing, he regards leniently many an act of Cromwell's that has been a stumbling-block to what Mr. Roosevelt calls "closet philosophers." His book is a sympathetic study of the greatest of English men of action by an American statesman of high ideals, suddenly thrust, since it was written, into a post as responsible as Cromwell's own.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest book "The Strenuous Life" (1900), a collection of essays and addresses, takes its name from the title of a speech delivered in Chicago in April, 1899. The phrase has been made peculiarly his own, and those who do not know exactly what he means by it, just how he qualifies its use, have an impression that it is the watchword of an apostle of war. Mr. Roosevelt is an enthusiastic sportsman, a lover of manly games and exercises, an indomitable campaigner in any cause that he deems righteous; but war in Cuba appealed to him mainly as the means to an end, that end being

the lasting pacification of the island. In a speech on General Grant, included in this volume, he says:

Our three leaders [Washington, Lincoln, Grant] were men who, while they did not shrink from war, were nevertheless heartily men of peace. The man who will not fight to avert or undo wrong is but a poor creature; but after all he is less dangerous than the man who fights on the side of wrong. Again and again in a nation's history the time may, and indeed sometimes must, come, when the nation's highest duty is war. But peace must be the normal condition, or the nation will come to a bloody doom.

Writing of "Civic Helpfulness," he picks out, as an ideal character, an old country clergyman in New York, sensible, courageous, kindly and beneficent, who works on his farm six days in the week and preaches on the seventh. To Mr. Roosevelt's apprehension, the life of an Isaac Newton or an Edison is no less strenuous than his own.

In anticipation of the national cam-

paign of 1900, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons issued a cheap, uniform edition of the five works by Mr. Roosevelt which bear their imprint. These are "The Naval War of 1812," "Hunting Trips," "The Winning of the West," "The Wilderness Hunter," and "American Ideals." By arrangement with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the edition included "The Rough Riders." The Sagamore Series, as it is called, numbers fifteen volumes, is published in cloth and in paper, and is sold only in sets. To the opening volume (Part I. of "American Ideals") is prefixed a biographical introduction by the author's intimate friend and political ally, General Francis Vinton Greene, himself an author of note, as well as a distinguished soldier and successful man of affairs.

Almost all of Mr. Roosevelt's books have been reprinted repeatedly, some of them in costly limited editions, as well as in popular form.



REMINGTON'S "BRONCO-BUSTER"

Cover design of "Ranch Life and the Hunting-Trail"

[A bronze statuette of the above subject was presented to President Roosevelt by the Rough Riders on disbanding]

Blackstick Papers. No. VI*

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

Nohant in 1874

Frontispiece

Fontainebleau, 1901.

It seems a charming natural accompaniment to George Sand's books and letters to be reading them to the setting of the very scenes she describes, to the pleasant echo of the friendly French voices. We find a gentle, merry people here at our country restaurant, spending their Sundays under the trees—not wanting anything but a little sunshine to quicken them into gaiety. The inn stands between the forest and the river. Birds and insects are flying, winds stir the leaves, fishes leap from the water, the great stream flows past carrying its rafts, its steady cargo. People sit in the shade watching the currents as they run towards the bridge, and past the wood-yard where the children are at play. On the opposite banks are wide green meadows sprinkled with old farms and ancient dovecotes and clumps of tall trees.

Our hostel is at the entrance of the great forest of Fontainebleau and stands at the gates of that vast cathedral with its cloisters and columns of Ionic beeches and Doric pines, and its choir of sweet birds still singing; the incense rises from a thousand aromas, and there is a mosaic under foot of dry leaves and fragrant cones and twigs and fine grass. All sorts of people stop at the welcoming courtyard of the little restaurant—workmen, country people, and smart people from the town. Various attractive notices are painted up upon the walls of the old house, "Friture," "Matelottes," and so forth. Soldiers come—babies arrive by omnibus with a nurse in charge—parents follow, exhausted from long expeditions on bicycles. They embrace their children and call for lemonade. These are inhabitants of Fontainebleau, for the most part, or officers with their wives from the great military academy there. Then some soldiers come up;

they arrive in a boat, rowing atrociously and roaring with laughter; as they land they salute their domestic commanding officers and pass on to the outer kitchen of the inn, where a sort of second table is spread.

Louise and Marie, who wait upon thirty people at once, flit hither and thither with flying white streamers, and then perhaps comes his honour the host from the house, followed by his man in shirt-sleeves, carrying innumerable bottles of white wine and red wine of the best, for the guests. These one and another having ended their meal stroll away; couples are to be seen in the distance crossing the bridge or wandering off into the forest glades; the children and nurses, after throwing many stones into the water, depart with the last seven-o'clock omnibus; the people who still remain sit peacefully enjoying the evening and watching the sunset. There is one young soldier with a pretty tenor voice who sings to his companions over the lemonade and absinthe bottles long, interminable ditties which last on from daylight into twilight; we ourselves dine, we go for a drive, we return; the voice is singing still, and the praises of "charmante Gabrielle" are still flowing on.

Late in the evening, when ease has come to the stress of heat, when some stars have risen, dusky forms are still in front of the inn, looking like shadows among the trees of "la Terrace," as they call the little gravelled plantation where we have been dining, and where the acacias and chairs and tables grow alternately. Three men in the road are playing a game in the deepening twilight. They can hardly see, but they go on by starlight, exclaiming, measuring their distances, and crouching over their points; an old woman comes down the steps from the lighted kitchen. "Eh, la mère Simonne, où allez-vous?" the gamblers cry hospitably. Then "la

* Copyright, 1901, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in the United States of America.

mère Simonne" stands by, also absorbed in the fortunes of the game. Darkness has fallen on the day and on the hills beyond the river where one or two lights are scattered. I, who had been reading my book, might have imagined George Sand at work writing through the night by one of these faint lights, for I read

of one special time when she came to Fontainebleau alone with her son, as a boy. All day long they wandered in the woods collecting his favourite insects and beetles and plants; half the night she sat while he slept, writing romantic novels to earn the money to pay for their little journey.

I

My little dissertation concerns the book I read at Fontainebleau rather than Fontainebleau itself, the history of the mistress of Nohant in 1874. She was an old woman then, and the disastrous storm of middle-life had swept out of her sky. No one has ever written so delightfully of old age as George Sand herself has done.

The art of getting old is, I think, specially understood in France; but with her it was something more; it was a ripening and changing, a progress to the very last. It is an ease to one's mind to read of George Sand, in her later days, in her Berrichon home; to read her noble correspondence, and the story of Nohant and of its inhabitants, of the cheerful and talkative guests who arrive to share its hospitalities; the neighbors from La Châtre, the great people from Paris—the great musicians, the men of letters, the men of newspapers. As one reads, all the visionary company seems to surround one. One can almost hear the eager voices, the strains of music (and *what* music!); one can almost breathe the whiffs of the cigarettes from the garden as well as the fragrant scent of the pine leaves, and hear the deep tones of the châtelaine as she converses with her somewhat noisy visitors.* Her son Maurice, the naturalist, is a charming figure as he comes strolling in—he also must have had a deep voice like his mother.

All the roads in the province seem to have led to Nohant, to judge by the company it kept. One of them passes by an old inn where all night long, as I have heard, the carts go rumbling by to the neighboring market, and where the memory of the lady of Nohant is

green. Two travellers who spent the night there not long ago can tell of the cheerful legends which are still so vivid in remembrance that they seem to belong to to-day—of the champagne and pasties sent for in haste from the Château, to entertain the unexpected guests; and how when Alexandre Dumas and Prince Napoleon were coming Madame Sand always summoned the hairdresser to dress her hair—never at other times; best of all, there is still the grateful memory of her unending helpful kindness and beneficence to all the people round.

This little book of memoirs which I have lately come across, "George Sand," by Henri Amic, gives a sketch of the great writer in her home. Nohant is a household word to many of us, but it comes before us still more clearly in M. Amic's pages. We can see the long white road leading from La Châtre; the villagers are at their cottage doors as he drives up to the gates of the country-house, those gates which open hospitably. As one puts the volume aside it is more like remembering a little journey one has taken, rather than a book one has read. Henri Amic, as a very young man, in 1875, wrote a letter to George Sand; she answered with kindness, inviting him to her country-house, and the grateful visitor's remembrance of it all resulted in this charming sketch of her in her old age.

We are not all made in a lofty mould; for many of us these small details and note-books, this young man's treasured collection of affectionate remembrance, will give a more definite impression of the latter days of George Sand's life than many a more important treatise upon the influence of the romantic school, upon hereditary genius, upon impressionability, etc., etc.

* There is a wonderful description in her "Impressions" of Liart playing, and the friends talking and listening without in the garden.

In this illustrated pamphlet (it is scarcely more) Madame Sand is made to talk; her sayings are recalled, she sits familiarly with her parasol under the big cedar-tree, with the pleasant old country-house beyond; we have the illustrations to look at as well as the printed matter; there are the shutters, there is the terrace, the *perron*, the doors and windows wide open to the careless-ordered garden. One seems to be at home in the shade of the great trees growing in the pathway. These French country-houses and homesteads are different from English homes; with us places are apt to turn sad and mouldy when they are not trim and well-kept; French country-houses may be safely left to their own devices.* The lawns may be uneven, the beds may be choked with tangled growth, nasturtium and marguerite and dahlia straggling wildly, but there is none of the desolate sadness which often lurks among our tangles. In the golden foreign light the happy glory of the land and the sky reign triumphant, quite independent of the gardener's art.

II

Coming along in his country carriage M. Henri Amic had talked to the people by the way. "C'est la bonté même, la bonté du bon Dieu, quoi," says one woman, a country-woman in a Berrichon cap, speaking of "not" Dame," as she calls Madame Sand. "Des Femmes comme ça—le moule en est brisé, on n'en fait plus," she says. Henri Amic notes it all down along with his first sight of the house among the elms and walnut-trees, and the charming welcome he receives. He is let in by a maid in her peasant's dress, who takes him through the dining-room into the drawing-room, and almost immediately he describes hearing the vibrating tones of a voice outside, and the door opens to let in the two little girls and their grandmother. The young

man is received at once as a friend; taken out into the garden, while Madame Sand talks to him in that eloquent voice, leading the way under the great cedar in front of the house and along the avenue of apple-trees, where the "*fleurs vivaces*," as he calls them, are growing in abundance. Of course Amic has brought a play in manuscript to read to her. Poor Madame Sand, who has her own unique experience of manuscript,* suggests that he should defer the reading, warns him that writing for the stage is the most difficult of all writing. "Plays depend on their interpreters," she says; "they depend on the public as much as on the author, and the public changes its mind, its impression, its fashion and sympathies." Then she goes on to talk—and how well she talks! She tells the young man not to be surprised if he does not succeed at first. "Literature is nothing else than the history of life itself," she says; "you are very young to know that history," she adds. Once she wrote that when she died she hoped to go to some place where there was neither reading nor writing, but this must have been a passing phase—to her reading and writing was feeling, was uttering, was a life within a life.

To return to our traveller. At six o'clock the dinner-bell rings, and the little company sit down to a cheerful meal; one of Madame Sand's old friends, M. Edmond Plauchut, is there, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "Each one of us is happy to be present," says the author, "and this tranquil gayety is delightful."

French habits are not like ours. After dinner we read that they all play at hide-and-seek, etc., and after the children's bedtime at four-handed dominoes. When Amic leaves he is full of regret. "I see it all before me long after I have left," he writes; "the dear, big drawing-room with the long piano, the two old armchairs hung with cretonne on each side of the chimney-piece. The great table in the centre with the seat always especially kept for Madame Sand—and there are the walls

* Here is one of George Sand's descriptions from her window. "When I awoke at five this morning," she says, "the garden was still asleep, awakening from dreams but silent in the early mist and not yet scenting the air. The sky was awake, palest incandescent lights were vibrating, a slender crescent moon with silver line hung before the golden gates of the morning. . . ."

* Your MS. is No. 152 in order," she writes somewhere to some importunate poet.

hung with pictures, Aurora of Koenigsmark and Maurice de Saxe, Dupin de Francueil and Maurice Sand. When I leave all this my gratitude reaches from the dear hosts to the things which surround them."

It is interesting to be made acquainted with all the people who lived at Nohant in 1875. There is Lina, the devoted daughter-in-law—a daughter of Calamatta, the artist and engraver; there is Maurice Sand, the other master of the house—slow, brilliant, persistent, and affectionate, without great ambition; there are the children, Lolo and Titine, who mean so much to their grandmother and to their parents, "those flowers" of whom she loves to write. Then we read of the old servant, la mère Thomas, "*La Tomate*," as they call her. You are introduced into the old salon with its polished floors and the square of carpet under the big round table, round which the family and the friends sit of an evening. There is George Sand's special place at the table, and the two pianos upon which Liszt and Chopin must have played in turn, and the pictures on the walls in their old-fashioned frames. The old clock still seems to be ticking out of the times of the Louis, of Marie Antoinette, of the Great Terror, of Napoleon and the returning Bourbons. Through all catastrophes Nohant has stood firm, sheltering the descendants of that charming old survivor of monarchic times, Monsieur Dupin de Francueil, at whose death his widow came hither with her only son, who was the first Maurice—the father of George Sand.

So much has been said about Madame Dupin de Francueil, the grandmother, and about her very varied ancestors, Aurora of Koenigsmark, and the marshals and the kings, and the dancing ladies, George Sand's great-grandmothers, that it is needless to enter into it all once more; but when one thinks of this remarkable woman of our own day ruling her strange court, it is impossible to ignore Marshal Saxe and King Augustus altogether, and the many extraordinary people from whom Aurore Dupin de-

scended. Francueil, her agreeable grandfather, figures in all the memoirs of his time, and he had a servant, a sort of attendant secretary, whose name was Jean Jacques Rousseau, and who writes in his memoirs that he was dismissed from this situation for stealing ribbon. Madame Sand told Henri Amic that she had heard from her grandmother that this was a pure invention of Jean Jacques' own imagining, so Monsieur de Francueil had told his wife.

In the beginning of Karénines' book about George Sand there is a charming frontispiece of Aurore Dupin as a child, from a pastel done at the time. It is the portrait of an irresistible little girl, with dark eyes, thoughtful looks; simple, wondering, wise, no wonder that child grew to be a genius, with such charming signs of the future already marked upon her baby face.

Amic gives a picture of George Sand in early middle-life. It is signed Calamatta, and dated 1840. This is certainly also a very striking portrait. It represents a force rather than a woman, and gives the impression of a fantastic person, as people are indeed when they have been set aloof and apart from the rest of the world. George Sand wears a loose dress with big sleeves, like a nun's, an odd head-dress of falling ribbons fastened round her head—it was the fashion of the time—a kerchief is crossed upon her breast, she has a ring upon her forefinger, like one of Holbein's ladies. She is looking beyond you. Oddly enough, something of this reserve, this suggestion of immunity from life's commonplace, has now and again struck me in some of Madame Sand's old acquaintances, in people who belonged to her influence rather than to her companionship. They had and have a conviction, a certain poignant style, every word and look suggested a fact, and not an epigram only as with people now.

III

The only time the writer ever saw Madame Sand she gave her the impression of a sort of sphinx in a black silk dress. Her black hair shone dully in

the light as she sat motionless, a dark face, a dark figure in the front of a theatre box. Two men were sitting behind her—I remember the cold, unemotional, almost reluctant salutation she gave in return to my friend's gracious and animated greeting. This was my only sight of that woman of genius, of that multitude of women whose acquaintance I only seem to be making to-day.

Many people have said that Consuelo was drawn from Mrs. Sartoris; others have christened Madame Pauline Viardot Consuelo. I once asked this latter old friend about George Sand. "Everything has been already said," she answered, "Tout a été dit; mais ce que l'on ne dira jamais assez, c'est combien elle était bonne. Elle était bonne, bonne, bonne." This Consuelo went on to say that she had only known George Sand in her later life, when she was wise and beneficent, and then it was she had rendered her one great and special service for which she should ever be grateful. Madame Sand had been the person to suggest and bring about her happy marriage.

On one occasion—so Mrs. Kemble used to tell us—Mrs. Sartoris called on George Sand. Mrs. Kemble asked her sister with some interest what had happened, what Madame Sand had said, and what she was like. The younger sister laughed. "She was very vehement, very dictatorial, very contradictory; in short, very like yourself, Fanny." But this can only have been a joke and meant as a joke, for the two women were different elements and worlds apart. Mrs. Kemble had humor, George Sand was absolutely without humor. Would that that saving grace had been there to rescue her from the exuberances of romance. Balzac's description of her, after one of the great earthquakes of her life, alone in a big room at Nohant, with pretty yellow slippers, smart stockings, red pantaloons and a double chin, sitting smoking in a big chair, gives one an impression of some deadly dull Bohemia which is odd and jarring.

She has been a year at Nohant alone, and very sad [he writes]. She is working enormously, she

leads something the life I lead [says Balzac]; she goes to bed at six in the morning and rises at midday—I go to bed at six and rise at midnight. Then we sit talking through the night, taking the position to which each feels entitled. "Je causais avec un camarade," he says, "elle a de hautes vertus, de ces vertus que la société prend au rebours." We discussed everything seriously, with good faith, with the candour and the conscience worthy of *great shepherds who are leading flocks of men* (this seems to have been their genuine conviction). . . . She is an excellent mother; she is adored by her children, but she dresses her daughter Solange as a little boy, which is not well. She smokes unceasingly; she has been the dupe of others, she is of those who are powerful at home and in personal influence and understanding, and yet who are doomed to be taken in again and again. I am convinced that she drew her own self in the *Princesse* in the "Secrétaire Intime." She knows and she says of herself that which I have always thought without telling her, that she has neither strength of conception nor the gift of construction, neither unerring truth nor pathos; but that, without knowing the French language, she has style. She takes—as I do—celebrity as a joke, and she despises the public, whom she calls "jumento!"

After his visit to Nohant, Balzac's relations became more and more friendly with George Sand; an interesting correspondence followed, each writer acknowledging the merit of the other. When Balzac died, George Sand wrote a special notice, which was published as a preface to his completed works in 1855.

IV

Henri Amic was the friend of a quarter of a century later, when all the mad storms and reckless, desperate delusions were over. He was fortunate, and came in for the calm end of the long, generous, ugly woven drama of her life. He not only went to Nohant, he used often to call upon Madame Sand at her apartment in Paris. She liked the farther shores of the Seine, where she always lived when in Paris—the Quai Voltaire, the garden of the Luxembourg—no wonder those ancient quarters attracted her; they always seem to be the real Paris, where its real heart beats; the new boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne are but suburbs, overflowings from the old city. When we, too,

made a pilgrimage to George Sand's old home we drove up the street of the little stream, the Rue du Bac, with the fanciful shops on either side: the old book-shops and print-shops, the marts for ancient furniture, those strange warehouses where saints are sold in pairs, and angels by the half-dozen with golden rings, and holy families almost life-size, all carved and painted pink and blue, with coronets of gold and red—we passed the old walls of enclosed courtyards, over which the green lilac-trees and ivies come thrusting; the archways of fine old mansions, many of which still retain their ancient state, others are convents now—museums—schools of art and learning. Then we come to the great theatre of the Odéon, where so many of George Sand's plays were acted, and past the café where she used to dine, and so we reach a somewhat imposing-looking doorway, 5 Rue Guy-Lussac, the last house where she used to stay when she was in Paris. We read that in later times she would be so tired by her short visits to Paris, and her work and her talk, that she sometimes fell asleep for thirty hours at a time. We asked leave to see her rooms, which were on the first floor, but were told that this was not possible. "But," said the concierge, "there is a lady who lives just underneath, and her apartment is identical; I think she would let you look in if you wished it." The lady agreed, and we passed into the inner courtyard, and mounted a few steps and were admitted then and there. First came a narrow passage with a kitchen looking to the court, then a couple of fair-sized rooms each with two tall shuttered windows to the street. The first was a bedroom, but the owner, an admirer of George Sand, made me enter the inner room, which seemed absolutely dark at first, until she had flung open the tall shutters. Then I saw a long-shaped, rather lofty room looking to the open place; an *étagère*, a small inlaid table, and a huge stuffed sofa covered with leather.

This was George Sand's sofa [said the lady solemnly]. Sit upon it, if you like; she used to

fling herself down to rest upon this couch for an hour in the night when she was at work; all night long she used to drink coffee to keep herself awake. Alexandre Dumas fils has sat upon this seat [the lady continued], so has Dumas père. My husband was alive when George Sand died, and he bought it from Monsieur Maurice Sand, who would part with nothing else. We introduced it through the window, it was too large to pass the doorway.

The sacred sofa was certainly the biggest couch I ever saw, with a corner to it and leather buttons all along.

M. Amic tells us that he was shown a correspondence written long years before, belonging to the early stormy days, when Mme. Dudevant had just left her husband and was vainly trying to find a means to live; she had thought of writing, but she feared rebuff; she had been trying to paint upon wood, but was obliged to give it up.

What interests me above all in these letters [says Amic] is to find the Madame Sand I know, in harmony in every point with her past self. She seems to me, then as now, gay, devoted, very simple, very modest, and, above all, maternal and good. It makes me happy [he repeats] to find her always so completely in harmony with what I know her to be.

No wonder the young man is grateful; the letters which the elder woman writes to him are admirable and touching in their justness and interest, no less when they discourage than when they would encourage. She urges him to keep to his profession, to put off literary aspirations; every word is straight and wise. "Read a great deal without ceasing to write, vary your studies so as to renew your intelligence; this is a necessity for every human being who writes; observe, think, write down what you yourself have felt, not what you imagine others to be feeling. Feed your head and your heart also." "Laissez dormir votre idée," she says, "vous la réveillerez plus tard"—it is a pity to spoil the saying by translation—"You write easily, your style is pure, you are well endowed, but this is not enough; before you think of producing you must inform yourself and work hard and constantly; 'piocher ferme,'" she says.

V

It was but a very little time before her death that she wrote another letter addressed to the author of the history from which I have been quoting. He is impatient and tired of his work; he wants to give up the Bar and take to literature; she reproaches him and urges him to keep to his vocation.

I have thought of your discouragement—I have thought of it, and I do not sympathise. It is not possible that you are lazy, for you have intelligence and a heart. Laziness is the infirmity of a poor spirit, and your soul is large; you do not fear the dry aridity of the beginnings of things.

Then, speaking of his desire to give up his legal studies,

It is the history of civilised man upon earth that you disdain to learn; how can you think you can become a good writer by ignoring all this and suppressing the very reason of your being? How often I have told you that my ignorance was one of the sorrows of my life as a writer! Here is a closed door for me, opening wide for you, and you refuse to enter: you who have youth, facility, memory, *time*—above all, *time*—spoilt child that you are. You complain of the life you lead; you are distracted because you choose to be distracted; when one wishes to shut oneself up, one shuts oneself up; when one would work, one works in the midst of noise; one accustoms oneself to it as one accustoms oneself to sleep in the midst of the rolling of carriages.

Dear child, have I pained you? [she asks in a second letter]. I am all sad when I think of it, but I speak as if I had brought you into the world. I have said harder things to Maurice when he suffered from the languors and irresolutions of your age. To write, you must have lived and sought—you must have digested much, loved, suffered, waited, working always, "*piochant toujours*." You do not want to be like those urchins of literature who think no end of themselves because they print platitudes and absurdities; fly from these men like the pest. No, believe me, art is sacred, a cup that we can only drink after prayer and fasting. Put it aside if you cannot carry on together the study of the foundations of things and the first efforts of imagination; you will return only stronger and in better mood when you have stood your trial by will, by persistence, by the vanquishing of disgust, by the sacrifice of leisure and amusement.

Is not this a fine letter from a worker of seventy years who has labored all her life, to a boy scarce over twenty,

starting on his way? It is too long to quote at full length, but every sentence rings like a bell calling to work or to prayer.

George Sand's relations with Flaubert, her "*vieux Troubadour*," as she names him, are also specially delightful and touching; the motherly instinct by which she tries to dispel the gloom which settled upon his morbid, generous spirit; the charming way she writes, laughs, encourages, all these make one realize what this woman must have been for those friends who depended on her.

You must n't be ill, you must n't be cross, my old Troubadour [she writes in 1872]; you must cough and get well, and say that France is mad, humanity stupid, and that we are not well-finished animals; only we must love each other all the same, oneself, one's fellow-creatures, above all, one's friends. I have sad hours, but I look at my flowers, those two children who are always smiling; their charming mother, my good, hard-working son whom the end of the world would still find searching, classifying, following out each day's task, and, when he takes a rare hour's rest, gay as Polichinelle himself. I should like to see you less irritated, less occupied with the foolishness of others; to me it seems all waste of time, like complaining of the weather or the flies.

Sometimes she tries to encourage.

The eternal thing is the sentiment of the beautiful in a good heart [she writes]; both these are yours, you *have not the right* not to be happy. Well, sad or gay, I love you, and I am always expecting you, but you never speak of coming to see us.

Elsewhere she lectures him.

To live in oneself is so bad, the greatest of intellectual pleasures is the possibility of return to oneself after being absent for a long time; but always to inhabit this ego, the most tyrannical, the most exacting, the most fantastic of companions—no, it is not to be done. You shut up an exuberant nature in a dungeon, you make a tender and iadulent heart into a misanthrope.

Then she tells him that they live in bad times, and that to surmount them they must not curse but pity them. In one of her last letters, at sixty-nine, she tells Flaubert that she goes every day to plunge in the cold froth of her little river—it refreshes and restores

and fits her for work! She writes to him, ill and in pain, but still full of courage and encouragement. His book has been criticised; she fears the effect upon him.

It is all the worse for you that you will not be a man of nature and that you give too much importance to human things. We *are* nature. We live in nature, by nature, and for nature; talent, wit, genius are natural phenomena like the wind, the stars, the clouds. It is not of criticism that man should ask what he has done, what he wants to do. Criticism knows nothing, its business is to chatter; nature alone can speak to the intelligence an imperishable language.

I can write no more, I must tell you I love you. Send news of yourself.

Memorial fêtes have lately been held to George Sand's memory, but her collected letters are the best monument and tribute to her life, as we read in them the constant unselfish thoughts and doings: of her liberal and splendid gifts, of the pains she took, the readiness of mind, the courage to meet troubles, which she realized more for others than for herself. How many during the great war had she not rescued from death, from exile, from sickness, from prison; she who had judged so madly, who had been so blind for herself, was wise and far-seeing for others. Again and again she had given help and courage and advice, medicines, simples from her garden, the precious balms and ointments of goodwill and sympathy; none had ever been sent empty from her door.

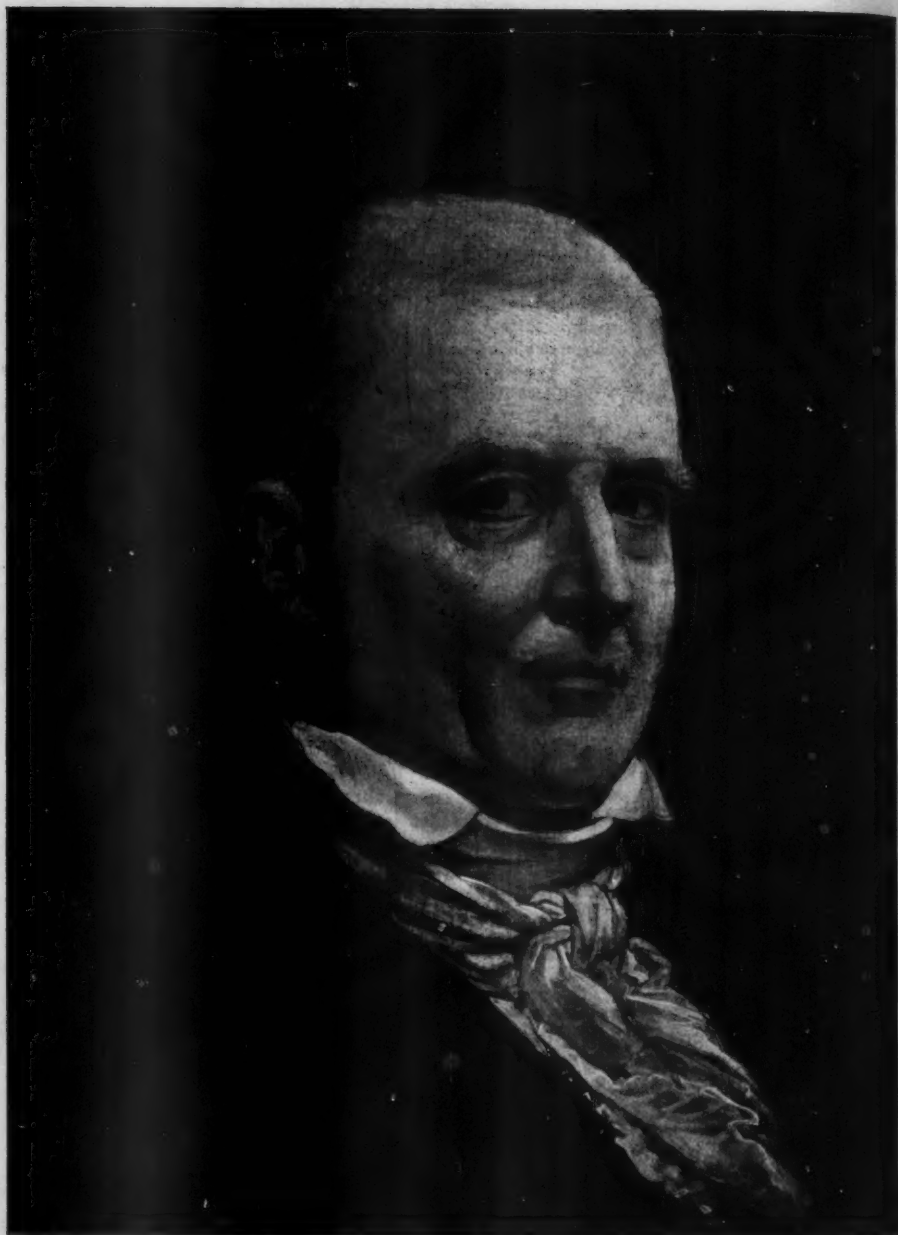
When the time came for her to cease her long life's work she was carried to the grave by her children, by her friends, by the sobbing villagers. Victor Hugo telegraphed an oration like a volley of musketry over her grave. Flaubert wept for her—he who had known her faithful kindness for years past; so did the humble people who trusted her ever and turned to her with undoubting hearts.

Few people have a better right to speak kindly of old age than George Sand. If ever there was a case of "hang thou my fruit upon the tree," it was hers. She ripened to the last. Her outlook grew wise as time passed over her head; those wonderful eyes of hers never lost their brightness, but they looked up and around instead of downwards. How sound and to be trusted was her judgment when it was no longer overthrown by the gust of egotistic passion! Her last letters to Flaubert are beautiful among letters, encouraging him, criticising his work, and, what is far more rare, pointing out not only what is wrong but what may be made right in his books. They are as beautiful in style as any letters she ever wrote in her youth; her heart is in them as much as her genius. The letters to the young disciple, panting after success, are full of a motherly, grandmotherly warning, of charity and understanding, and contain the interest which belongs to all sincere feeling, as well as the harmony of that which has endured. It is almost always good reading when the people who write are interested in one another and in what they are saying. As people get older the joy of life is no longer able to carry them along oblivious of everything but their own being and emotion, but the feeling is there, only in a new shape; it is no longer a distinct note sounding clearly, it is a chord that strikes, an accompaniment that harmonizes the crudities.

For George Sand to the end of her life discretion is non-existent, its place is occupied by a sort of benevolent self-sufficiency, a genius of expression. She is an improvisatrice, as Henry James justly says. "She wrote as a bird, she never studied her expression."

Renan, writing of George Sand soon after her death, used a fine simile. He spoke of her "sonorous soul," and he said she was the Eolian harp of her time.





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JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD
(After the portrait, painted by himself, in the Louvre)



L'AMOUR POURSUIVANT UNE COLOMBE



L'AMOUR EN SENTINELLE

Fragonard * And the du Barry Decorative Panels

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Voyez-vous dans "l'Embarquement de Cythère," en haut du ciel, à demi perdus, tous ces petits culs nus d'Amour, effrontés, polissonnants ? Où vont-ils ? Ils vont jouer chez Fragonard, et mettre sur sa palette la poussière de leurs ailes de papillon.

NOWHERE and at no period has art reflected life with such intimate joy as in France during the eighteenth century. The accord between that which was and its transcription in pigment or marble, in colored chalk or terra-cotta, here touched a perfection never approached before or since. The appealing falsities of Lancret and Pater, of Clodion or Bouchardon, belied not the life, the manners, and modes of that particular moment, but merely life itself. They were incomparably true to existent conditions, to that rose-and-white convention

which was not to be shattered until the red dawn of the Revolution.

In this art there were no hints of pain or sorrow; a playful, feverish reversion to pleasure was the only note sounded. Although it ended in curses, bloodshed, and catastrophe, the comedy, while it lasted, was the most engaging ever enacted. Skies were unfailingly blue, fountains plashed, and parks and gardens were dotted with shepherds and shepherdesses, beribboned and operatic. The scene was evanescent and unreal; it seemed—and was—more of an evocation than an actuality. In essence the entire movement was a return to paganism, not the broad paganism of earlier days, but a paganism bijou and ethereal, reflecting all the inconsequence of the hour.

* The illustrations which accompany this paper, except the portrait, are from photographs loaned exclusively to The Carriv by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. This is the first time, through any medium, that the du Barry Fragonards have been reproduced in their entirety.

The Critic



For a brief span religion as well as reality was obscured, the crucifix and the crown of thorns forgotten. Those *bambini* who temper the austerity of certain Italian and Flemish canvases, who with Raphael or Van Dyck add such grace and charm, now became mischievous *amorini*, bent on missions sometimes dubious but always diverting. Venus slipped into the niche so long sacred to Mary of Nazareth, and Psyche shone from amidst the foliage of Versailles gardens.

The chosen poet of all this radiant perversion, the one who caught best its spirit and its accent, was not Watteau, so tinged with pensiveness, nor Boucher who had every gift save the gift of truth, but Fragonard. Throughout his life Fragonard played and perpetuated the comedy of love. It was he who reduced the pervading tissue of myth to its most definite terms, he who revived with multiple nuances so many lost kisses and neglected caresses. Femininity, perverse and disquieting, he glorified with delicate precision on fans, in miniatures, portraits, and decorative panels. Though he was last among painters of Cythera he imprisoned a beauty which had escaped all, which had even eluded Antiquity and the Renaissance. This Cherubino of painting had no message for mankind, no lesson to instil; he was content to follow prevailing modes. He desired merely to amuse and to divert with exquisite and often erotic fancies, certain of which recall not alone Boccaccio and Ariosto, but the mellower wantonness of Propertius and Alciphron. Yet throughout the range of Fragonard's art there is no touch of indelicacy; it is an art which persuades, never repulses, which is both explicit and evasive. As Naquet adds, each of these delicious figurines seems to say, with Mozart's Zerlina, *Vorrei e non vorrei*—I consent and I refuse.

Born at Grasse, famed for its flowers and its perfumes—Grasse framed about by a silver-green fringe of olive trees with, beyond, the blue rim of the sea—Fragonard came early to Paris. He came, it appears, on foot, in company with Gérard *père*, whose daughters were one day so to illumine his life. Though he already longed to become a painter, the boy was first placed with a notary, where he did little save scribble caricatures. He soon went to Boucher, was refused, then to Chardin, and, after a year's study, again to Boucher. On returning to the "Peintre des Grâces et des Amours," he brought a handful of drawings which ensured him the desired welcome. They were sketches made at odd moments in the great churches of Paris, where hung canvases solemn and full of inspiration, which beckoned the young spirit toward a world very different to that which he afterward con-

quered with such transcendent hability. From now until 1752, when, at the age of twenty, he won the Prix de Rome over Saint-Aubin, Fragonard came more

and more under the spell of Boucher, whose nymphs, Dianas, and Auroras fluttered on every wall and ceiling, bathed in rose-tinted vapor, false and captivating.

The years in Rome, five in all, under Natoire at the Academy, or passed with Saint-Non, amateur etcher, engraver, and abbé, held unmeasured richness for Fragonard. At first overwhelmed by Raphael and Michelangelo, just as Regnault was, and even Goethe, he quickly found his level among minor painters such as Tiepolo, Solimena, Baroccio, and Pietro da Cortona. These he copied indefatigably, catching here the soft play of purple light, there the sheen of satin robe held in place by a jewelled hand. If Natoire did little for him Saint-Non did much, and those luminous afternoons spent at Tivoli in company with Hubert Robert and the abbé fostered wondrously a nature which absorbed beauty wherever found and a spirit which reflected at will chance bits of the Villa d'Este, of Venice, or Flanders, or Spain.

At the salon of 1765, Fragonard made a stirring début with his "Corésus et Callirhoë." Diderot applauded and the King ordered the picture to be reproduced in Gobelins tapestry. Yet the passionate reds of those robes, the beseeching whites of those breasts and arms, the facile though effective drama of this composition, were not to be duplicated. The one-time pupil of Boucher was fated to conquer Cythrea, not Olympus. He soon learned the trick of delighting wealthy *Fermiers-généraux* and *nymphes d'opéra* with such exquisite evocations as "L'Escarpolette," painted for M. de Saint-Julien, and "Le Verrou," suggested by the Marquis de Véri. Indeed, countless little revelations of nudity now followed: "La Fontaine d'Amour," "Le Serment d'Amour," "Le Sacrifice de la Rose," "Les Baigneuses," and innumerable "Baisers," all executed with an elusive frankness which stimulated the passionettes of an age whose characteristic frailty was what Voltaire termed love-weakness.

As a decorative painter Fragonard now enjoyed increasing vogue. On all sides he was besieged for ceilings, panels, and lunettes. Not only did Bergeret de Grancour and Rostin d'Ivry compete for his services, but La Guimard enlisted the brushes and palette of this inspired pasticher for the adornment of her "Temple de Terpsichore," in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Early in 1770, Fragonard, through the good offices of Drouais, was engaged to paint four *dessus de porte* for the du Barry Pavillion at Louveciennes, near Marly. The radiant freshness of these little panels so caught the favorite's fancy that a year later, when the new pavillion approached completion, Fragonard was commissioned to execute four large panels for the main salon, the subjects, it seems, having been suggested by Mme. du Barry herself. All the chief artists of the day were united to make this structure a consummation of taste and elegance.





L'ATTENTE

Ledoux was chosen architect, Lecomte, Pajou, Vassé, and Allegrain contributed the sculpture, and Drouais and Vernet the paintings. There were timepieces by Lepaute, brasses by Gouthière, tapestries by Cozette, and from the gilded wainscoting glanced Greuze's demurely sentimental "Broken Pitcher."

It was in the four panels, dedicated to this temple of beauty and license, that Fragonard achieved the cardinal triumph of his career. Yet these panels, fitting as they seem, never took their place on the walls of the salon for which they were destined. The reason was not because Mme. du Barry lacked funds to pay for them, nor because Vien's lubricious classicism was deemed more appropriate, but because the artist had been a shade too explicit in the matter of portraiture. Louis XV. resented being pictured even as a young and fanciful shepherd in company with the favorite. The royal sybarite refused to sanction any record of his profligacy, and Fragonard's idyl, which traced in such persuasive accents the love of king and courtesan, was supplanted by decorations in no way comparable to this dream of youthful tenderness. Somewhat sadly Fragonard must have rolled up the canvases and placed them in a corner of his studio, where they remained neglected in the flush of a life crowned by success and full of avid pleasures.

All was activity, effort, and frank joyousness in those lodgings where Fragonard lived with his wife, his daughter Rosalie, little Fanfan, and his sister-in-law, Marguerite Gérard. What is now the Long Gallery of the Louvre was then divided into apartments for artists, and to Fragonard's rooms came often Hubert Robert and Saint-Non, of former days, Hall, the miniaturist, who brought his flute and his beautiful daughters, Adèle and Lucie, Greuze, bilious and irascible, the Vernets and de Launay, all delighting in "l'aimable Frago's" esprit, and in the picturesque diversity of a studio which contained Boule furniture, Beauvais tapestries, a rustic swing with toy-like trees dotted about, and the famous Benvenuto vase. Save for

a leisurely trip to Italy, made as the guest of Bergeret, typical "bourgeois gentilhomme," Fragonard remained in his Louvre quarters painting with new tenderness and sincerity domestic scenes such as "Les Baisers Maternels," "La Jeune Mère," "L'Enfant Blonde," and numerous versions of "Monsieur Fanfan" learning to walk, or ride a hobby-horse, or mount the back of a big house-dog. The wife had meanwhile grown stout, and while she fulfilled the functions of "la caissière," her place was in certain ways taken by a younger sister, Marguerite, who had come to them somewhat gauche from Grasse, but who quickly flowered into exquisite womanhood. Under Fragonard's inspiration she developed a slender, imitative talent, and often her "bon ami Frago" would bend over the work, adding deft touches, enjoying the comradeship and absorbing the fragrance of a fresh young being who soon came to embody for him—"la poésie."

Decorative painting was by no means neglected amid the multitude of fans, miniatures, engravings, and illustrations for Don Quixote or La Fontaine, which date from this period. Toward 1785 the entire family was installed at Cassan, where Fragonard was engaged in beautifying Bergeret's new "folie." These summers at Cassan and at Beaujon find their echo in numerous sketches dashed off with incredible virtuosity; piquant, often humorous glimpses of perhaps the happiest hours of Fragonard's life. Yet the lustre and serenity of this existence, with its rich measure of success, and its continued renewal of pleasure, were soon to dissolve before ominous clouds.

The storm was not long in breaking. Catch-phrases of liberty and freedom had already penetrated the studios, and early in September, 1789, Mme. Fragonard and Marguerite Gérard were among those to offer the Assembly their tribute of rings, bracelets, and jewels of every sort for the national defence. The streets teemed with ugly mobs still inflamed by the sight of blood-stained heads borne aloft on

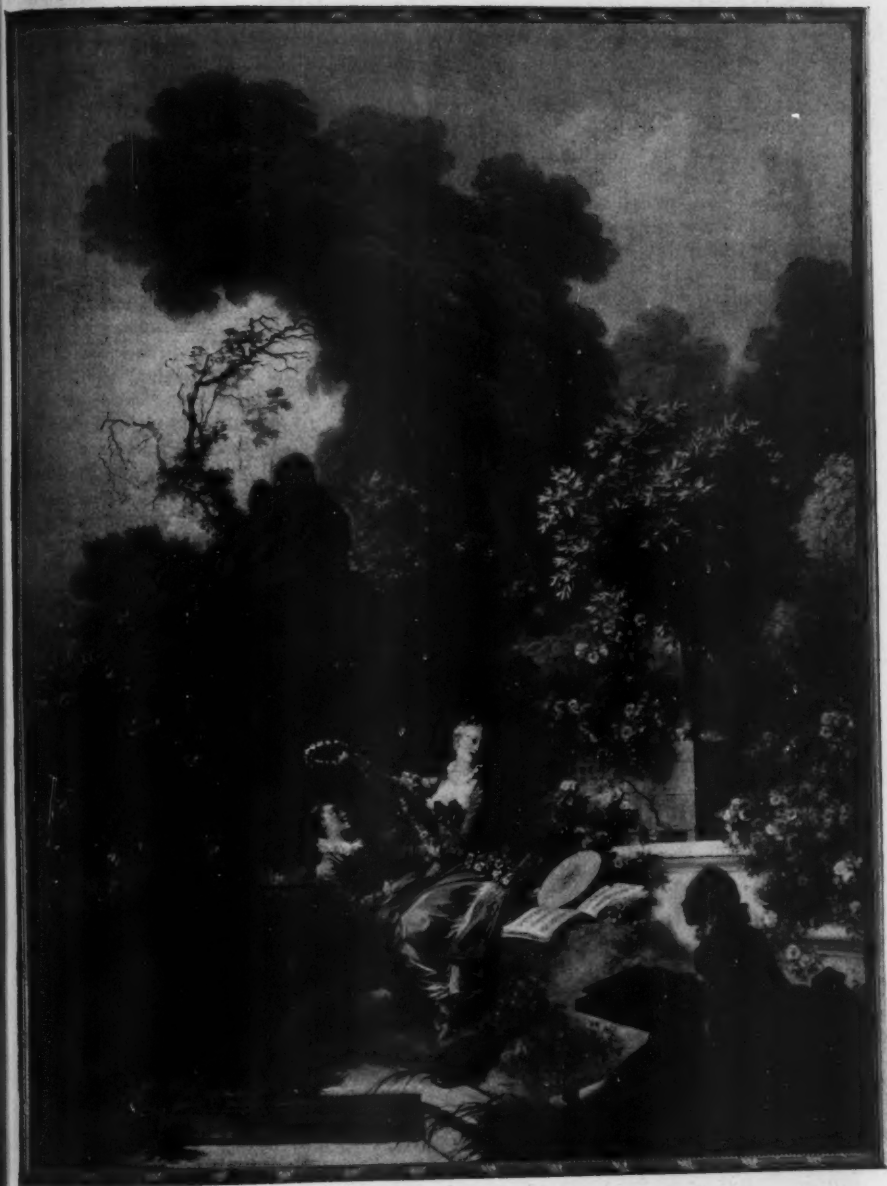


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pikes. Arrests were being made on every side; Hubert Robert was flung into Saint-Lazare, Hall was forced to flee the country, and from his windows Fragonard daily saw groups of *sans-culottes* drag the "mauvais riches" off to prison—or to the guillotine. Although his friends fared badly, and his pension was reduced, Fragonard continued to enjoy the protection of David, who was all-powerful and who made him member of the "Jury des Arts" and "Président du Conservatoire." He even figured in the place of honor at the planting of a "Tree of Liberty" in the gardens of the Museum. Still, the little man, "petit papa Fragonard," as they came to call him, was shaken in spirit and filled with dismay by the scenes of bloodshed and terror, the red-handed Communists and drunken soldiers who lurched past him on the streets. Life might, after all, be more secure, less uncertain, at Grasse; so early in 1794 the timid "Président du Conservatoire" slipped away unnoted, taking with him the long-neglected panels.

Here at Grasse, Grasse framed about by its silver-green fringe of olive trees, with, beyond, the sparkling rim of the sea, Fragonard passed the ruthless days of the Terror. It was here, in the quiet, cypress-screened mansion of his friends, the Mauberts, that the "Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse" found at last its true setting, a setting more enduring than it would ever have known at Louveciennes. During those days when Paris streets ran with blood, when the catastrophe had indeed come, "le petit papa Fragonard" dreamed again his dream of youthful tenderness,—dreamed and realized.

In the large salon on the lower floor, with windows looking out upon the garden, where pomegranates, orange trees, purple hollyhocks, and great masses of geraniums shimmered in the sunlight, Fragonard completed, harmonized, and fused into one appealing series his engaging love-pastoral. In size and disposition the room was admirably suited to receive the four panels already finished. To these he added a fifth, and painted four *dessus*

de porte, a panel above the mantel, and four connecting shafts. Much ingenuity and much fatuity have been expended in attempts to establish both the chronology and the nomenclature of these panels. From M. Lagrange to M. Virgile Josz, each successive writer has named them differently and has suggested a different order. There seems, however, to be scant doubt that the earliest in date are the four panels undertaken at Mme. du Barry's request, all of which are in the painter's early or *bleudtre* manner, which is best exemplified by "L'Escarpolette," now in the Wallace Collection. The others, including the fifth large panel, are in Fragonard's later or *blonde* manner, and, judging from the closer study of purely local tree and flower forms which they all witness, were evidently painted at Grasse.

Touching the question of appropriate names for the earlier and larger compositions, as well as the matter of order, Mr. Claude Phillips takes issue with Baron Portalis and alters the arrangement of the two first panels, placing, wisely, "La Poursuite" before "Le Rendez-vous," and making the series run: "La Poursuite," "Le Rendez-vous," "Les Souvenirs," and "L'Amant Couronné." In placing the single panel last and calling it "L'Abandon," both Baron Portalis and Mr. Phillips seem to have sacrificed a subtler and perhaps more concise interpretation of this Love Comedy. Closer subjective and objective analyses might have indicated that this canvas depicts "L'Attente," not "L'Abandon"; and that it was intended as a prologue, not an epilogue. The expression of the Cupid who surmounts the pedestal and the attitude of the female figure, with its hint of expectancy and longing and the loose-hanging hair, bespeak not the twilight but the dawn of love. The picture was, moreover, originally known as "La Vierge et l'Amour," a sufficient implication that it could not form the closing note of the series. Finally, eighteenth-century art recorded love in all its audacious actuality, caring naught for the abandoned, for the *débris* of love.

Nothing in the art of Fragonard nor in the art of his day in anywise approaches the beauty and the lyric charm of this love-poem. The slender thread of sequence is preserved in duplicate, the *dessus de porte* carrying along the story symbolically, the main panels giving more definite versions of the theme. It is Olympus and the Earth,—a playful Olympus with a chubby deity chasing doves and cabrioling about in the air, and an Earth profusely flowered and peopled by a young couple clad in fancy shepherd costume, their every movement cadenced by the pulse of love.

The youth of twenty who offers the rose, who climbs to the terrace where the chosen one awaits, who is tender and triumphant, is, of course, Louis XV., minus nearly half a century of self-indulgence. The slender blonde who accepts with such inviting reserve, such studied artlessness, is Mme. du Barry, whose white throat was soon to be severed by the guillotine. In at least two of the panels both portraits are sufficiently accurate, while in the concluding panel it is permissible to suppose that the young painter who has been called upon to immortalize the episode is a casual likeness of Fragonard himself, his dark curls and clear-cut features having already been seen in "L'Armoire" and other canvases.



LE TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR

This radiant pastoral, which coquets with truth and which embodies just enough verity to give it substance, is as alluring in color and in composition as it is in conception. Though he was often careless and over-facile, fusing line as well as tone, Fragonard's failings have here been turned to good account. For fluent ease of handling, freedom, verve, and sheer audacity of touch he never surpassed these few panels. Masses of pink, violet, and red have been dashed upon a dark screen of trees, rubbed in with astonishing rapidity, showing glimpses of sky above. The blush pink, cerise, amber yellow, or pale blue costumes vie in richness with abounding clusters of bloom. All the resources of an iridescent palette here find full play, throwing into just sufficient relief the expressive pantomime of the mignon figures.

For over a century Fragonard's Comedy of Love remained quite as he had left it in this silent room with its Beauvais tapestries, gilt consoles, couches, and tabourets,—this room so filled with the fragrance of past, faded elegance. It was not, indeed, until February 8, 1898, that the paintings passed from the family of M. Malvilan, a grandson of the painter's friend, M. Maubert, on which date they were sold at auction at Cannes, bringing 1,250,000 francs. During the autumn of the same year they were exhibited in London at the rooms of Messrs. Agnew & Son, Old Bond Street, and have since been purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Before he had even added certain lingering touches to his love-idyl, Fragonard returned to Paris, reassured by the fall of Robespierre. Though the storm was now over, the Paris which greeted him was not the Paris of former days. Wealthy *Fermiers-généraux* and *nymphes d'opéra* were scattered, the Loves and Graces had fled, beauty had been stamped underfoot. The streets still swarmed with soldiers, beggars, thieves, and wild-eyed hags. No one knew the little man with short gray locks, black mantle, and white

scarf loosely knotted, who dodged about in search of some friend who might drop him a word of welcome. The insufferable classicism of David

and his school was at its apogee, Fanfan was already becoming Alexandre-Évariste Fragonard, distinguished and uninspired as painter or sculptor, and Marguerite Gérard exhibited at the Salon vapid little reminiscences which could hardly have brought her master joy. All seemed strange and hopeless, Cherubino was forgotten; he belonged to another, a brighter age. Moreover, the brushes had lost their magic; there remained on the palette no glittering dust from butterfly wings.

They were bitter days for one who had tasted nothing but life's happiness. Not only was his pension withheld, not only did Marguerite Gérard respond in pretty platitudes to his appeals for aid, but one night Napoleon, who came riding by with Duroc, ordered his "immediate removal" from the Louvre, fearing the little fellow's modest taper might imperil paintings and statuary sacked from every corner of Europe. He then moved across to the Palais-

Royal, lodging with Véri, a restaurant-keeper, and spent his days pattering about the streets and gardens. On certain of these wanderings he perhaps chanced upon stray engravings by de Launay of canvases which he must have recalled with confused, pathetic rapture. One afternoon—it was just as the troops were swinging home from Austerlitz—he returned, tired and feverish, and called for an ice; it brought on cerebral congestion, and before dawn he was dead.

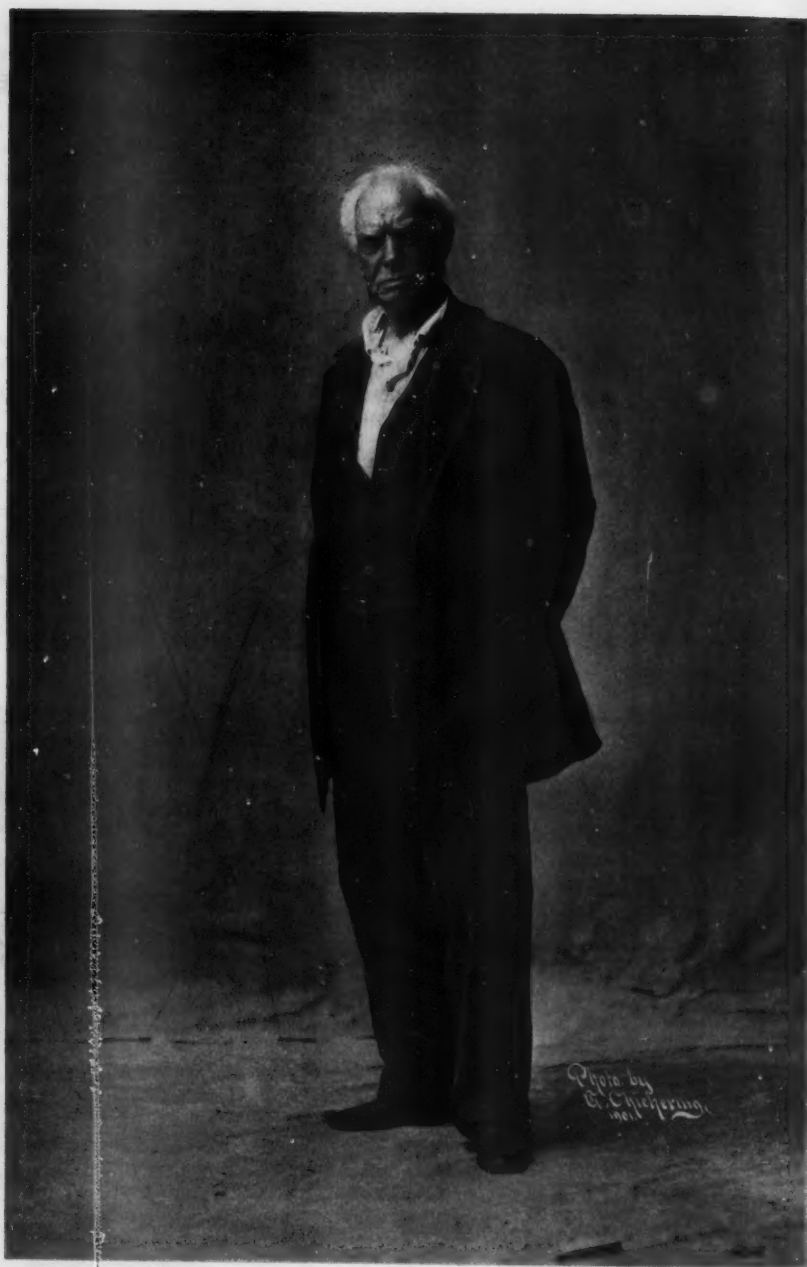
His whole life, save those few troubled years toward the last, had been a "Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse," expressed in delicate variants on the blues, the whites, and reds of his own radiant Grasse. Though he touched with gracious, flexible charm many themes, yet love was his chosen theme, love which he pressed into the petals of a rose, a rose worn now at the breast, now offered in mystic, virgin sacrifice, now lying crushed upon the floor.



L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR



L'AMOUR EN FOLIE



MR. J. H. STODDART IN "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

ALL good friends of the drama will hope for the success of the enterprise upon which Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have entered at the Manhattan Theatre. The organization, in what is practically a new house, of an independent stock

ingly handsome, tasteful, and commodious theatre, and in the care and intelligence manifested in the first performance. Evidence of artistic supervision was plentiful on both sides of the curtain, in the rich but subdued orna-



MRS. FISKE
(From a Drawing by Mr. Ernest Haskell)

company, for the production in liberal and artistic fashion of plays selected on account of some substantial merit is a return to early and sound principles which is full of hopeful promise. Of the serious purpose of the new management there is ample assurance in the transformation of an unsightly and uncomfortable structure into an exceed-

mentation in green and gold of the auditorium, and in the admirable quality of the pictures upon the stage. Space will not permit detailed description of the scenery, which included interiors in England, Spain, and Morocco, and an oasis in the desert, but each set was a gem in its way, the interiors being notable for accuracy, solidity, and

picturesque arrangement, while the oasis was a charming bit of color. It is a long time since any play has been mounted so satisfactorily in this city, and the general smoothness of the representation afforded indisputable proof of that frequent and painstaking rehearsal without which a really effective performance is impossible.

It may be doubted whether the play, "Miranda of the Balcony," an adaptation by Miss Anne Crawford Flexner of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel, was quite worthy of the pains expended upon its interpretation, but it provided Mrs. Fiske with one of those studies of complicated feminine emotions which have had so much attraction for her of late, and Mr. Dodson with an opportunity for a very effective bit of melodramatic acting. The story, as many readers doubtless will remember, deals with the temptations and sufferings of a young woman, who, believing herself a widow and being deeply in love with another man, hears unexpectedly that her husband, an incarnation of all evil, is yet alive, but in slavery, in southern Morocco, whence escape, unaided, is impossible. In real life, of course, there would be no dilemma, as she could easily and justifiably get a divorce, marry again, and then organize an expedition for the relief of the captive or not, according to her sense of responsibility. But then there would be no play, no harrowing suspense. Therefore she not only nearly breaks her own heart and that of her lover, but actually induces the latter—a very Paladin of virtue—to start off for Africa in the forlorn hope of rescuing, at the risk of his own life, the wretch whose reappearance means misery to himself and his beloved. Such a scheme is obviously fantastical, but is full of emotional possibilities, of which effective theatrical use is made in the third and fourth acts, which are frankly melodramatic and, to create temporary illusion, ought to be played in the florid, extravagant, robust, melodramatic manner. The best abilities of Mrs. Fiske are not revealed, or, at any rate, are obscured in such conditions. In melodrama bold expression is needed, rather

than delicate suggestion. Intellectual methods applied to situations which are not intelligent or intelligible are apt to emphasize the weakness which might be hidden in a flurry of sonorous rant. Her Miranda, therefore, is less convincing in the later than it is in the earlier scenes, fine workmanship being thrown away upon coarse material. Her performance, however, was marked by all her characteristic and incisive cleverness and from first to last enlisted the sympathies of her audience. She was applauded often and heartily, and her first appearance in her own theatre was attended by all the signs of success. Mr. Dodson, one of the ablest of character actors, had what is called a "fat" part in the outcast Warriner and played it for all it was worth upon purely conventional lines. He had an easy task, but the mastery of his execution was delightful. Messrs. Robert T. Haines, Étienne Girardot, Max Figman, and Annie Irish were the most conspicuous members of an efficient cast.

The triumph won by the veteran J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," the pretty little play made by Augustus Thomas and James MacArthur out of Ian MacLaren's stories, is the legitimate result of acting of a very high order. The piece itself is fashioned upon very old lines, but it is remarkably successful in preserving the spirit and atmosphere of the original, and is so fresh and sweet that it may be called idyllic without unduly straining the meaning of a much-abused word. Mr. Stoddart is exactly fitted, by his physical characteristics, to the part of the stern, bigoted, yet tender old father who, in a fit of cruelly mistaken zeal, turns his innocent daughter out of doors and lives to take her to his heart again, with chastened temper and remorseful gratitude. The very mannerisms which have been blots upon some of his earlier work help to impart an added naturalness to this his latest and, perhaps, his last impersonation. His acting, fine as are its artistic finish and completeness, is absolutely free from all labored elaboration or trick,



MR. DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE AUCTIONEER"
(Drawn from life by Miss Mabel Williamson)

and creates its effect by the startling reality and vigor of its passion and the simple, unaffected directness of its pathos. He reaches the heights of genuine tragedy in the outburst of semi-religious frenzy with which he drives the weeping girl out into the night, and in that supreme moment of pitiless self-torture when he erases her name from the records in the family Bible. Equally true and touching are the depth of his dumb despair, when he realizes the wrong that he has done, and the rapture with which he welcomes the wanderer home. It is a noble performance, the crowning achievement of a long and honorable career.

Another excellent bit of character acting, but of a very different kind and degree, is the Simon Levi of Mr. David Warfield in that crude and flimsy local sketch, "The Auctioneer." The conspicuous merit of the performance is its close adherence to the truth of nature in the face of every temptation to exaggerate. Its verisimilitude in the matter of mere externals—the walk, the carriage, the gesture, the make-up, and the dialect—might easily be ascribed to long practice and a natural gift of mimicry, but the perfect consistency of the impersonation, the constant suggestion of a kindly, generous heart unaffected by the habitual trickery of trade, the quaint, spontaneous humor, and the occasional exhibition of genuine, if not very frequent, pathos, betoken a positive power of characterization which belongs only to the born actor. They may signify ac-

tual genius, but Mr. Warfield must be seen in other and different parts before he can safely be declared the possessor of that rarest of all gifts. His Levi is a masterpiece in its way, and it is a pity that it has not been provided with a more worthy setting.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Charles Hawtreys, who has long been a great public favorite in London, is a most admirable light comedian in parts that suit him. His style has beautiful neatness and polish, he can make a humorous point with an apparent unconsciousness which is infallibly effective, his manner is refined, and his personality pleasing and sympathetic. Whether his range is wide may well be doubted. Certainly in "A Message from Mars" he failed to avail himself of any of the few opportunities for displaying anything like genuine emotion. He sustained the severest shocks to his pride, his affection, and his prosperity with an immobility which could only be accounted for by lack of imagination or resources. But it would be manifestly unfair to judge his capacities by a single performance. His light comedy was of excellent and very entertaining quality, and his portrayal of utter, unconscious, imperturbable selfishness was so true that nothing short of a keen sense of humor could have made it amusing. His success was immediate and is likely to be lasting. Of the play nothing need be said now except that it teaches a wholesome lesson in a very popular way and is most capably performed, as it ought to be after a run in England of more than five hundred nights.



Edmond Rostand

By HENRY JAMES

THE path of the observer of human things who, on occasion, at the behest of the critical spirit, permits himself an excursion into the world of letters, is doubtless at no time particularly smooth; but such an adventurer finds himself arrested at the present hour by a perplexity that is of recent growth. We live in a day in which the term "success" represents, for the composition that has carried off the crown, possibilities of recognition, of circulation, undreamt of by our fathers and unknown to simpler societies. The scale on which a work of imagination, so called, may, in especial, see itself multiplied, advertised, acclaimed, diffused, makes the mystery of popularity more than ever difficult to analyze, and, in fact, surrounds the phenomenon with a disquieting, anomalous element. The novel, and even the poem, that sells, sells half a million of copies; the play that draws, draws vast populations, and for months together; and this, accordingly, is the puzzle, the worry—though we hope, as we try to deal with it, but the temporary one—that, do what we will, we are unable altogether to dissociate the idea of acclamation from the idea of distinction. We are in the presence of huge demonstrations, and we ask ourselves if there be really afloat in the world anything like a proportionate amount of art and inspiration. The demonstrations are insistent, the reverberation such as victory or peace announced to distracted nations would alone seem to justify, and we are consequently somewhat oppressed—which is the form taken by our embarrassment. Our old habit, as a first impression, our old prejudice, sticks to us; what is universal recognition but glory, and what is behind glory, by the ancient rule, in these fields, but somebody's achievement of something supreme? The critic must appreciate, discriminate, hold his course, and he can, in a word, scarce help being put out by the colossal when the colossal breaks into his little garden, so neat on

its traditional lines, in the manner of an escaped elephant from the nearest circus. He learns soon enough, probably, to allow for the elephant; but the question never quite wholly sinks to rest—the garden never feels altogether safe. The insidious part of the perplexity is that acclamation may swell to its maximum, and the production acclaimed—the novel, the poem, the play—none the less truly *be* the *real* thing and not the make-believe. It is so often the make-believe that we are all but driven comfortably to generalize—so great is the convenience of a simple law. The law, however, ceases to be simple from the moment even one book in five hundred does appeal, distinguishably, to a critical sense. The case, though of the rarest, occurs, and it thereby deprives the conscientious student we have postulated of the luxury of a hard-and-fast rule.

I have approached M. Rostand, under the immediate advantage of whose name I have ventured on the foregoing remarks, by a road that will perhaps not seem too devious if I succeed in marking him, for our puzzled spectator, as one of those accidents that figure as disturbing—disturbing precisely because they show, in their rare way, a fine and complex talent as enjoying the fortune of talents not usually so to be qualified; show it as carried, to the sound of drum and trumpet, round the globe. He is the author of plays that, in Europe and America, have broken the record, as we say, for "runs," and he accordingly constitutes—brilliant, consummate performer as he is—one of the most curious of contemporary cases—really a more important one for criticism, I think, than if, with more stuff in him still, he had had, as might very well have happened, a destiny obscure. The copy of "Cyrano de Bergerac" that I have before me is marked on the cover as the eighty-sixth thousand, and this very shortly after the production of the play; and the copy of "L'Aiglon" is marked, at a date at which the

run of the play was yet young, as the sixty-first thousand—numbers that, in respect to each publication, must have been afterwards greatly exceeded. Such a show, then, is delightfully confounding—testifying as it does to the residuum of sensibility in publics capable of consuming "quality" with such appetite. The revealed affinity with quality is thus what cheerfully strikes us; and we find ourselves immediately connecting it with the recent brilliant anomaly in our English literary annals, the immense "success" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, achieved in spite of his wearing so many of the signs that charm the ingenious and disconcert the simple—those simple by whom, at present, the crown is mainly conferred. It would be interesting, had we space, to carry our parallel far, for it to a great extent imposes itself, and would evidently throw up an abundance of fresh hints on the question of differences, of contrasts, in neighboring peoples. The case remains that the Anglo-American and the French public have each had, almost at the same time, in their respective, their superlative favorite, a subject in which criticism itself has delighted, so that the favorites have to that extent much in common. They have for their deepest note the patriotic note, the note of the militant and triumphant race. This is the particular reason why comparison would be suggestive. The races are different, but for each poet each is the triumphant and the militant.

Taking the case indeed as we find it in M. Rostand, it throws up more oddities and appeals than we can do justice to. For the patriotic explanation becomes queer when the response to the signal flows from quarters where the ideal, the allegiance, is of quite another cloth. "Cyrano" has been enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, through the length and breadth of the United States, and yet the glamour of "Cyrano" is intensely, exquisitely, in passionate, almost invidious, national reference. The particular beauty of the play—and the remark is practically as true of "L'Aiglon"—is in the fantastic, romantic, brilliantly whimsical

expression of an ardent French consciousness. The problem before the author was to weave into a dense and glittering tissue every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a particular period would yield; and the measure of his "success," exactly, is in the vividness of this tapestry. The tapestry is marvellously figured, but it is scarcely too much to say that the light of the consciousness aforesaid is required for following the design with intelligence. How much of that intelligence do M. Rostand's spectators and readers about the globe, those of his Anglo-Saxon public in especial, bring to the task? To ask the question is to move again in the world of wonder; for would not the upshot of pushing an inquiry into the relation between the glamour, as I have called it, of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," and the state of mind of the alien populations that have absorbed them—would not this consequence be to make us ask ourselves what such exhibitions, in such conditions, have been taken for? "Cyrano," of the two pieces, has been, I believe, much the more acclaimed, and "Cyrano," precisely, might quite have passed for a wilful wager, an act of amused defiance to any perception of its finer flavor not determined, on the part of the public, by identities of origin. Nothing is easier than to fancy the writer's saying to himself that he would construct such a spectacle as would be balm to the imagination of every Frenchman—just in proportion, too, as the latter should be French not only instinctively, but by reflection and culture as well—and that would, by the same law, lead the apprehension of other communities such a dance as would mainly throw into relief the inaptitude of the dancers. But, lo! to this ironic, this malicious fiddle the barbarians have kicked their heels positively in time—as inscrutably, at any rate, as was to be required for decorum. An ingenious American actor carried his nightly hundreds captive with a translated, an arranged—*how* arranged we inextinguishably wonder—version of the five-act play; a dauntless *coméd-*

dienné worked the miracle of reducing the still larger Napoleonic panorama to the same simplified idiom. If there be a quality of M. Rostand's own idiom, the bristling bravery of his verse, the general frolic of his vocabulary, especially under the happy crack of the whip of rhyme, it is that, surely, of resisting simplification to the death. What, therefore, has become of it beyond the seas? What is the equivalent offered for his merciless virtuosity of expression? The account of that matter is probably that as no impression of his virtuosity has been received, none of its influence has been missed. Only, this being so, we are thrown back—or all *but*—on the puzzle of his popularity. M. Rostand without his virtuosity—with that element either not rendered or not caught—what sort of a M. Rostand to excite enthusiasm is that? With what residuum does the magic work?

I hasten to confess that if I keep speaking as if such questions were worth while, it is because of my sense—perhaps excessive—of what I have just called their fascination: so disturbing, doubtless, is the habit, in the presence of a work of art with which the public appears to be in relation, of finding the public, as one of the parties to the encounter, the more infinite thing to consider. That scent is by no means, however, in these remarks, what I have proposed to follow; and I am relegated to my actual business by my having a moment ago struck the right one. The explanation, the solution of everything, and, with this, the supreme sign of our author, is just that he is inordinately romantic—so that the questions connected with his fortune in this character become, frankly, the real ones and supersede all others. I spoke a moment since of the reason that may, after all, be given for his being acclaimed even when he is not, on the literary side, tasted; which reason we immediately see present when we see his romantic—his extravagantly romantic—complexion recognized. The romantic in itself depends, I think, supremely little on virtuosity; therefore with virtuosity left out of the account

there yet remains a great deal to taste. Virtuosity is a matter of expression, and M. Rostand would still be romantic without his expression. This circumstance has helped him prodigiously; it always helps where masses of men are involved; it is the charm, the spell, the golden key, operating *en gros* as nothing else does. The beauty of M. Rostand is that he is a sincere and consistent and therefore a precious example of the character; and the refinements of extravagance that he adds to it give it a freshness where freshness might otherwise seem decidedly to fail. This is what virtuosity can do—as we have known it to do, moreover, nearer home, in a recent interesting case. Much of the work of Robert Louis Stevenson is an instance of the same combination; but Stevenson was less clear a case, being decidedly less simple a one. He cared signally for expression, and he admirably achieved it; but his romance was of a comparatively anxious, sceptical, preoccupied order, was but one of the features, though possibly the most marked, of a complex and restless mind. The whole mind will always be interesting in Stevenson; one seems to see it, round the edge of his special gift, as one sometimes sees the wider ring of light round the disk of the moon. The edge of M. Rostand's gift is sharp and hard, and breaks short off; its connections are, so to speak, all within it, only deepening the glitter. So far as he has given us his measure, he hangs, in other words, thoroughly together: he offers us our finest, freshest occasion for studying the possibilities, for watching the development, of the temperament at its best.

We have been living, so many of us, of recent years, in a continuous romantic wave that nothing is more natural than to grasp, in the welter—if but for the mere comfort of orientation—at any really palpable object, anything with the property of floating. It is something to hold on by while we try to make out where we are. Little enough of the wave, of course, has mattered, among us, for literature—it has mattered on the showing of R. L.

Stevenson almost alone; so that, so far as any light from our own sources is concerned, we are quite in the dark as to what literature can, so to speak, do for it. We have too few plays to talk about, and there could be no better proof of our destitution than that, in discussing such fine exotics as the productions immediately before us, we find ourselves without terms of comparison drawn from our own literary scene. But the novel, of sorts, we at least can cite, and the novel, as it most besets us, as we most know it or most avoid it, the novel, in fine, multiplied and acclaimed, lives its hour mainly under favor of the romantic prejudice. The favor might have appeared, on occasion, likely to fail it, but no such catastrophe, so far as can be noted, has in fact taken place; though nothing, on the other hand, it must equally be said, has happened strikingly to regild its scutcheon. M. Rostand is a master in another form; but the stuff of romance lends itself, like the stuff of reality, to all forms, so that we are still on the ground of the question in seeking to read the lesson of *his* free use of that restorative gold-leaf of which our store seems to have run short. He lays it on thick, and gives it a splendid polish; the work he has hitherto done shines and twinkles with it in his clear morning of youth. We are infinitely amused, we are well-nigh dazzled, by the show; we are so drawn and beguiled that we ask ourselves, with appetite, with curiosity, how much more of the sovereign compound, so lavishly spent, he still has on hand—together with other wonderments as to how it will wear and "wash," how far it will go, what may be its further connections with life. I may seem, with all this, to be taking our author very hard; but, obviously, if such questions are interesting at all, they are interesting with intensity; and I can only, personally, confess to positive suspense as to what will absolutely *become* of the potent principle under the particular impetus he has given and will presumably again give it. As no one, anywhere, has recently expressed it with anything like his art, the case, one must repeat,

is practically in his hands; they carry Cæsar and his fortunes. But whither?

M. Rostand's sympathy was marked from the first; he struck in the three acts of "*Les Romanesques*," in 1894, the note of the very question itself—the question, that is, of the influence of the principle. This slight, but delightful production—ingeniously and amusingly Englished, and not incongruously rhymed, by George Fleming—is in fact as charming an examination of the nature of the romantic, as pleasant a contribution to any discussion, as can be imagined. The small action takes place in that happy land of nowhere—the land of poetry, comedy, drollery, delicacy, profuse literary association—which the French theatre has so often and so enviably—notably with Alfred de Musset, unsurpassed for the right touch—made its hunting-ground; and if the whole thing is the frankest of fantasies, an excursion into the *pays bleu*, it is the work of a man already conscious of all the values involved. Percinet and Sylvette love each other over the garden wall because they believe in the ferocious mutual enmity of their respective fathers—a situation that makes their snatched and stolen interviews dangerous and wonderful. Their resemblance to Romeo and Juliet is complete, and their appetite for such developments as shall recall the fortunes of the immortal pair constant and exalted. The respective fathers, meanwhile, are really the best friends in the world, and steal *their* interviews over the wall precisely because they desire their children to marry. Knowing the young persons to be romantically disposed, dreading the probable effect of in any degree prescribing to them a mutual impression, and calculating therefore the effect of ostensibly denouncing and forbidding it, they have invented the idea of danger, defiance, adventure, in order to keep their offspring in tune. What happens, of course, is that the offspring discover at a given moment that they have been practised on, that their elders are in league, that their danger is a fiction, that their safety is complete, that their analogy with the

amants de Vérone is in fact naught, that there is, in fine, no more romance in their case than in that of any other two approved and engaged young persons. The romance of having pleased each other is n't enough—they desire the cup to be spiced; and they fall apart just in proportion as the two parents, prematurely confident, fraternize over the prospect. The moral of the anecdote is of course that they come together again on the basis of reality, once reality itself has had time to be prettily and picturesquely arranged. M. Rostand's lightness of hand shows in his keeping the dose of this article, too, for Sylvette and Percinet in tone with their dose of the other. The thing is really too much made up of ribbons and flowers, of masks and mantles, to be rehandled, with whatever fingertips; but we note as its especial charm the ease with which the author's fancy moves in his rococo world.

This it is that in each of his productions makes M. Rostand so enviable, because it makes him, apparently at least, so happy; his rococo world spreads about him in an extraordinarily furnished and appointed, painted and gilded way, and he shows it to us as the master of the house shows the state apartments, knowing their order and relation and name, guiding us among crowded objects and "up" in their history and quality. It is in the rococo world that he has gone on living and flourishing, for he has positively placed in it the successive scenes of "L'Aiglon." We shall come to that presently; the point is that his face was, from the first, turned so fortunately straight for the concentration of energy. There is plenty of that, all in the direction of mask-and-mantle imagery, in such a delightful flight as the flourish of Straforel advertising his business in "Les Romanesques"—his business being, for just those ends, present to the pair of plotting fathers, the furniture of elopements, the accessories of abduction. The plotting fathers contract for the *enlèvement* of the young lady, with consequent death-dealing rescue by the young man, and nothing can be more deli-

cately droll than Straforel's spoken and rhymed "circular," his tariff and his styles—he undertakes abductions as in a prosaic age his descendants are reduced to undertaking funerals and movings. Yet these things are almost too much things of air to be quoted; besides which they are, in M. Rostand, too numerous. It is his sign that, in his kind, he is rich, and we scarce show a man as rich by showing one or two of his banknotes.

There are plenty of them, however, no doubt, between the leaves of "La Princesse Loiraine," the four acts of which date from 1895; by which I mean plenty of short examples of the author's power, in the matter of beautiful and whimsical turns, to keep it up and up, to begin again and again. "La Princesse Loiraine," at any rate, is characteristic for just another reason than the one cited for its predecessor—the reason that the romantic here, instead of being in any degree mocked at or "given away," is taken for granted in all its length and breadth. It is exactly the play in which Percinet and Sylvette themselves would have found their ideal. The poetic picture, as in "Les Romanesques," as in "Cyrano," is a thing all of consistent tone—tone ever so adroitly arrived at and artfully sustained. M. Rostand knows the special preparation in which his subject must steep itself, as a musical ear knows shades of sound and properties of time, and he can take every sort of liberty of form, of rhyme, of reference, without fear of taking any with the essence. He embarks again, in short, for the *pays bleu*, the purple island, and sails and sails with never an accident. It is a port, no doubt, that the adventurer never absolutely reaches, so that the sail itself is what makes the success, and our author's skill is to keep, as he does, in the boat. The adventure of his pair of Provençal troubadours who go forth in quest of the far-away princess, the Princess of the East and Countess of Tripoli, because the fame of her beauty has made them languish at home for years, and because one of them, the Prince of Aquitaine (the other being his knight), knows that

she knows, beyond the seas, of his love-sick state, and wishes to show her before he dies to what a man may be reduced for her—this is, clearly enough, the perfection of a starting-point for a deep romantic plunge.

The piece surpasses its predecessor in brilliancy by the same stride by which "Cyrano" was in turn to surpass it, and by which—as a mere literary, or, if it be preferred, scenic wager—"L'Aiglon" was to surpass "Cyrano"; and we begin to get a glimpse of the author's formula—which relieves the mind. We see how far the great mantle of Victor Hugo has, all these years, trailed, and how out of a mere corner of it the cleverest of his grandsons can cut a complete suit. The form of M. Rostand's style, is it not, broadly speaking, Victor Hugo's style brought down to date, attuned to the age of the interview, the automobile, and the decennial exhibition, the age of the American campaign and Madame Sarah Bernhardt? I say it not in mockery, nor even in familiarity, for M. Rostand will always dazzle me; but is it not practically a fair account of his use of his magnificent master to assert that he has done with him what we do with everything nowadays—has reduced him to the terms of contemporary journalism? It is delightful to get hold of so interesting, so exquisite an instance of a process going on all round us and never so well to be observed, to be caught in the fact, as in a good concrete example. The terms of contemporary journalism more and more impose themselves, announce themselves, as increasingly, irresistibly, the universal, the only terms, and exactly by the same law as that by which so many other modern conveniences have become indispensable, by which new machinery supersedes old, the kodak displaces the camera. They represent the portable, and the portable now is everything; if we have Victor Hugo at all, we must have a Victor Hugo who will go round the globe and be back in Paris by a date. Dates are everything; they are the numbers on that great ubiquitous clock-face which—however outside the matter in the

given case—has at present so much more to say to any production of the mind than any principle within it. We are struck, at all events, for our consolation, with the range of accomplishment with which our general fate is compatible, with all indeed that is gained in one quarter if lost in another. Victor Hugo adapted, adjusted, scheduled, and expositionized, Victor Hugo, in short, newspaperized, may be less august and mysterious, but the medium that absorbs him, the great diffusive, assimilative idiom, is unmistakably enriched. Happy an age, certainly, in which the vulgarizers are of M. Rostand's pattern!

The finest thing in "La Princesse Lointaine"—as also the finest in "Cyrano"—is the author's gallantry under fire of the extravagance involved in his subject; as to which, in each instance—and not less, in fact, in "L'Aiglon"—we can easily see that it would have been fatal to him to be timid. The pathos, the poetry, or the successive situations, move arm-in-arm with their latent absurdity—the too-much that keeps rising to the brim and that would easily overflow at a wrong touch; and I find a charm the more, I confess, in the dramatist's affinity with such dangers. They help to make up his medley—the tear on the cheek of his comic mask, the glimmer of a wink in the eye of his tragic—and they help to give us, above all, a sense of his naturally adventurous temperament. They keep up his spirit and excite him thus to keeping up our own. If his spirit requires, for exhilaration, the acrobatic tight-rope, we are willing enough to sit and watch, it being the acrobatic tight-rope, exactly, that he stretches from one end of each of his productions to the other. The tight-rope in "La Princesse" is the high fantasy of the common upliftedness between the distant lady and the dying pilgrim, who *have never met*, over their penetrating relation all the more that their failure to meet is prolonged, is represented, through a large part of the play, and that the amount of communication that might have served instead has been of the slightest. The

tight-rope in "Cyrano" is, visibly enough, the question of the hero's facial misfortune, doubly great as opposed to his grand imagination, grand manners, and grand soul, the soul that leads his boisterous personality to run riot, for love and for friendship, in self-suppression, in sentimental suicide. The tight-rope in "L'Aiglon" is—well, what is it? One is tempted to say that it is simply everything. It is in particular, we surmise, just the challenged, the accepted peril of dealing scenically with the subject at all, and especially of dealing with it on the scale required; the subject being essentially that of the *attitude*, imposed, fixed, of the hapless young man—a young man whose main mark it is that mere attitude is his only life, that anything like action is forbidden him. The rope is here thus stretched higher and tighter than elsewhere; it becomes, in its appeal to the author's agility, a veritable trapeze. For I mean, emphatically, that the extravagant—that extravagant in which, for M. Rostand, the romantic mainly resides—is all there.

The extravagant is reached when emotions, passions, manners have ceased to reckon with life at all, and yet have become the more absorbing; and it consists, on the part of the young Duke of Reichstadt, in the general immensity and intensity of his yearning. *Stat magni nominis umbra*—he lives in the shadow of his great father. He yearns somehow or other to reconstruct and revive him, to play a part, to escape from tutelage, to return to France, to drop like a thunderbolt on the monarchy—to be, in fine, heroically, the Napoleon II. that he is kept from being. But above all he lives over the vast paternal legend, the glories, the victories, the successive battlefields, the anecdotes, the manners, the personal habits, the aspect and trick of the very clothes. The picture is by its nature condemned to be that, exclusively, of his perpetual tension, obsession, communion—of the hallucination that consumes him. The subject was thus beautiful—nothing could possibly be finer; and nothing

could at the same time be more interesting than to see if it might be made successfully scenic. Invidious, potentially disastrous, is the light that the conditions of the theatre project upon subjects that hang at all in the balance; it is then that we measure the frequently ruinous rigor of those conditions. A subject may strike a dramatist as so fine that the theatre must have the benefit of it, and yet may, on experiment, no matter how ingeniously conducted, show itself only as of a fineness by which the theatre is unable to profit. To combine as much as possible of the theatric with as much of the universal as the theatric will take—that is the constant problem, and one in which the maximum and minimum of effect are separated from each other by a hair-line. The theatric is so apt to be the outward, and the universal to be the inward, that, in spite of their enjoying scarce more common ground than fish and fowl, they yet often manage to peck at each other with fatal results. The outward insists on the inward's becoming of its own substance, and the inward resists, struggles, bites, kicks, tries at least to drag the outward down. The disagreement may be a very pretty quarrel and an interesting literary case; it is only not likely to be a successful play.

There is a happy enough balance, however, in "La Princesse," and we have meanwhile left the Prince of Aquitaine and his attendant knight in postures the most characteristic—the knight, Rudel, going ashore from the pilgrim ship to announce his infatuated friend, and himself becoming infatuated as soon as he sees the lady. She, on her side, having taken him at first for the Prince, finds him quite in the note of their sublime situation—the Prince's and her own; and the couple, accordingly, before they can turn round, have fallen very presently and personally, not at all ideally, in love, while the Prince, on the ship, with his strength ebbing, awaits the result of Rudel's mission. This result is, of course, in the fourth act, all it should romantically be; the Princess and the young knight, though much tempted

to be faithless, nobly overcome their inclination and go out to the ship just in time for the dying man's blessing. He beholds—that is, before dying—the beauty on the mere hearsay of which he so long has lived, and the passion of the others is sanctified by his surrender. These things, however, are details—it is the central idea that the author has made, as it were, amusing, has worked, as we say, for all it is worth, and has offered us as a general light on the bias of his imagination. He thus did promptly, in 1895, two things: he committed himself, up to the ears, to the sentimental-sublime, and he started handsomely the question of whether or no he were a poet. I may as well say at once that he has remained, to my sense, exactly as much a poet as "La Princesse Lointaine" charmingly showed him, but has not, by the same token, become an inch more of one. The reason of this is of the clearest: he could never become more of one and remain within the limits of his cosmic boom, remain what I have otherwise called portable, and, above all, *exportable*. He is as much of one as is consistent with the boom, the latest, the next exhibition, the universal reporter, the special car, the orbit of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the state of exposed accessibility, in especial, to audiences ignorant of his language. Dazzling as his command of the fantastic, both in humor and in pathos, makes him, I confess I am struck with the amount of poetry that he has fairly succeeded in saving from the consequences of his adventure. His freely figurative, his boldly maccaronic style, his verbal gymnastics and pictorial somersaults, his general romp through the unexpected—which is largely his hunt for rhyme through not only the past and present but the future of the language—all represent the elements of toughness and good humor required for so much exposure and such a pitch of reverberation.

If I should quote certain passages in support of these remarks, it would immediately be felt that such speeches, such parts altogether, must have been wholly conceived and elaborated for

the actress I have named, so that largely in this manifestation M. Rostand was romantic because Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is so. Interesting enough thus, if we had time, to trace the influence of a particular set of personal idiosyncrasies—the voice, the look, the step, the very *physique* of a performer, with all its signs—upon literature, and curious thereby to see once more how closely in France literature is still connected with life. The theatre there is a part of life. A given actress may be a part, an immense part, of the theatre; and, as literature has also its share in the same, the performer passes more or less into the sphere of the eternal. When I say eternal, I speak largely; yet I speak otherwise than I should speak, certainly, in referring to any such phenomenon among ourselves. Plays enough are patched up in London for the given actor without any similar consequence. The influence of the given actor, that is, fails to be sufficient to make any portion of them pass into the sphere of the eternal. They do not, in short, as literature, embalm audibly a voice, so that the player perishes altogether when he speaks his farewell. So long, on the other hand, as "La Princesse Lointaine" is read, the voice, face, motion, art of Mme. Sarah will be active and present. It is only a question, accordingly, of how long the play will be read. But for that, after all, the portents may be none of the worst. Happy Mme. Sarah! And happy M. Rostand, too!

Was the case the same in respect of "Cyrano," and was the author's original vision, the first flush of the idea, suggested to him across the footlights by a present personality? Did the happy thought of the character, in other words, glimmer into life as the happy consciousness of M. Coquelin's countenance and genius? The point, though far from the most pressing in connection with the piece, would be interesting to fix, for the simple reason that no theatrical work so begotten has ever had, I imagine, such a fortune. There have been lucky actors and lucky plays, but never such a fusion of the two forms of luck. Actors may be

conveniently fitted in the highest degree without the least profit to the larger career of the play; and, *per contra*, the play may have the largest career and yet leave us neither caring nor knowing who on the stage was to be or was not to be suited. Ibsen's "Doll's House," a play of the theatre if there ever was one, is at the same time so much a play of the "closet" that the representatives of the parts, for all we heed, may have been numbered counters on a table. Augier's "Gendre de M. Poirier," by the same law, living alike on the stage and in the library, depends on no particular personality and embalms no particular memory. (And I have the heart, I have the consistency, to say this, I may add, in spite of a vivid remembrance of the perfect Poirier of the late M. Got.) If, however, the individual player lives, and lives intensely, inexpugnably, in the magnificent movement of "Cyrano," we simply say, so much the better for the individual player. The peculiarity, the real felicity of the case for him is that, having floated on the straight tide of the whole triumph into the "closet," he seems subject to no such reflux, no such reaction, as will float him out again. Behold us, consequently, with M. Coquelin permanently established in that inner sanctuary, where he must share intimately the fate, whatever it be, of his author. And it is precisely to the fate of his author that we come back—to the question, that is, of the amount of life the romantic wave that has so bravely carried M. Rostand so far may have still to spend.

For it is charmingly evident, in the light of his admirable scenic eloquence, and in spite of interposing scenic images, that he naturally *sees*, as it were, romantic or fantastic, just as certain persons before certain objects see blue or yellow or red. That is how he gets at sensibility—by enlarging the scale; which is an experiment that, for my part, I am delighted to see him make. Let it be as dangerous as it will or merely as triumphant, every experiment in æsthetics is interesting—I mean, of course, to the critic—that is

made in good faith (made, likewise, I need scarcely add, with talent, inasmuch as it takes a certain amount of that really to attest a faith as "good"). Entrancing, in fact, to the critic is just the faith, however different from the critic's own, that runs away with a man, and never, for our own part, of a nature to make us wish to stop him. We would n't stop him for the world; we would rather lash him on. For so are exhibitions achieved, so are temperaments affirmed, so are examples multiplied, and so are little sermons preached. That is tantamount to saying, more concretely, that I would n't, individually, part with an inch of Cyrano's nose. Too much is involved, too much for premature protest, in all the author has made depend on it—more for fame and fortune than ever depended on a nose before. The value of it in the plan, naturally, is that it is liberally symbolic—that it stands for the evil star in the wider sense, the whole body and office of natural affliction on the part of the afflicted. Cyrano is one of the worst afflicted; his nose happens to be only the accident; he might have been displeasing in some other way, for there are but too many ways; and the poet happily caught at the drama that would reside in his being *most* formed to suffer. There we get immediately the romantic formula, the short cut of antithesis, the vital spark, for a conspicuous example, of the theatre of Victor Hugo. The antithesis is a short cut because it ignores shades and lives on high contrasts. Differences are simply successions of shades; but shades are thus transitions and links; and, transitions and links being comparatively quiet things, the deep joy of the close observer, the romantic effect will have none of them. This is what makes one extreme seek another—what made M. Rostand intensely see that his afflicted person should be in every other respect his most showily organized. Cyrano, for a romantic use, had not only to be sensitive, to be conscious, but to be magnificent and imperial; and the brilliancy of the creation is in the author's expression of this.

That is the romantic formula, which obviously deals in a different poetry from the poetry of the "quiet," and which is extremely dependent for success on a certain aggressiveness of style. M. Rostand's vehicle is half his victory: it performs such prodigies on its own account—by which I mean is so perpetually ingenious and amusing that we never quite focus, nor even want to, what he asks us to accept as his human truth. Cyrano, hopelessly in love with the incomparable Roxane, but finding that Roxane has fixed her affections on a gentleman who is also enamored of her and whose fine military type and fine person (he is as handsome as the other is ugly) render him a conceivable aspirant, Cyrano undertakes the task of helping on his suit in every possible way, and especially by the expenditure of a dazzling genius. Roxane, a *précieuse* of the seventeenth century, needs, above all, first to be learnedly wooed; she dotes on genius, on poetry, on prosody, on metaphors and alembications, and, as her handsome lover, though properly gallant and deeply devoted, is as stupid as an owl, he has to borrow the wit, the sonnets to her eyebrow, and all the other fine turns, with which to bombard her. Cyrano not only lends for the purpose his own whole armory, but he himself so directs the aim that the lady's heart is completely riddled. He does, in short, all the work, stores up the honey of which he is never to taste, giving others all the beauty of his passion and keeping all the pain for himself. He ministers thus, through twenty adventures, to Roxane's happiness, though indeed that happiness is not crowned in the end—a platitude for which M. Rostand is much too clever, as he is also too clever to give his hero an eventual compensation. The end is properly as romantic as the beginning and the middle, the perfect art of romance being that it shall, at every point, surpass itself. The turns of the story, at any rate, are details; what is suggestive in it is its exceptionally distinguished congruity with the romantic idea, and the proof it offers for our proposition

about the medium. In prose, or in verse the least bit pedestrian, the idea would have gone to pieces, and one can well understand its having done so, from the point of view of the glamour, in such English forms as have been put at its service. It is not that M. Rostand's verse has, precisely, wings—these are rather what, considering its quantity of movement, it lacks; but it has legs of abnormal agility, legs that fly about in a manner to forbid our calling it pedestrian. Eloquence can go on legs as well as on wings—perhaps, in fact, better; and our author is easily and admirably eloquent.

The fortune of the idea was made, at any rate, from the moment M. Rostand put his hand on the particular morsel of history that he had pressed into his service: so much of its own quality, and all in the desired key, had it to give, and so little, in proportion, was there to add to it. The Cyrano de Bergerac of literary anecdote was, by the best luck, a Gascon; he flourished, by the best luck, in an age of literary magniloquence, social rhodomontade, and free fencing; and the opportunity for the glamour of race, for the recall of qualities only a little more fantastically French, was accordingly all there to seize. Cyrano doubtless never flourished in fact as our author makes him flourish in fiction, but the intensifications are of the right color. With such things as these the medium, as I have called it, is already constituted, the form is imposed, the style springs up of itself, and author and actor have but to keep them going. M. Rostand has not missed an effect of high fantasy, of rich comedy, of costume, attitude, sound, or sense that could be shaken out of them; and we scarce know better how to describe the whole result than as a fine florid literary *revanche* of wounded sympathies and of the old French spirit, or at least of the imagination of it—the French spirit before revolutions and victories and defeats had made it either shrill or sore. And such an account of the matter is none the less true even if it be not precisely easy to say *revanche* against what. Against everything, we surmise, that

would have made the production of a "Cyrano" impossible anywhere but in France, where doubtless, moreover, such productions are, whether as revenges or as speculations, less and less to be counted on. It would be difficult, at all events, to say whether the *revanche* really gains or loses point from the eager absorption of the play by other communities. No one, however this may be, has "gone in" so successfully for atmosphere, and the particular atmosphere in question, since Théophile Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse." And even that delightful work was not eloquent, though it was so many things else, and, not being eloquent, was not patriotic. On the other hand it was, I suspect, more frequently and more essentially exquisite, if only through being indebted to the medium of prose; which, strange to say, is what the romantic, on M. Rostand's lines, somehow forfeits. When shades of truth go, the exquisite goes—which indeed, fortunately, is by no means the same thing as the picturesque. The picturesque may abound, may triumph without it, may cover the subject as with an embroidered mantle, and so bedrape and costume it that its anatomy does n't in the least matter. This is the happy romantic principle, thanks to which, when extended from the voluminous mantle to other properties and features, we get the quantity of atmosphere aforesaid. And—the point is of a rare interest—the great thing with the latter is that the question of its truth, the suspicion of its falsity, becomes subordinate: the relevant question is the question of its density. It may with impunity—with present, immediate impunity—be as false as it will, if it be only rich and thick. Then it closes us in; we don't see, as may be said, *out* of it: we don't see half a yard out of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon"—which is all that was necessary.

The author of these things has thus such an imagination of vivifying detail that he makes us extremely wonder what such a faculty might not achieve without the romantic perversity. That is the concern at which I just hinted—the question of where continued de-

flection on such a scale is likely to land him. I have already expressed the interest and indulgence that accompany this wonder—which amounts to the hope that he will continue to deflect so long as a prize is really to be reached, and so long as so much entertainment comes to us by the way. That is, in fact, requisite to ensure us a good case to oppose to those other seekers of the prize—the prize of interest, beauty, truth—who may be described as going straight. I admit that it is not easy to say with exactitude what makes, on one side and the other, the straight line and the tangent, even though it be precisely because of M. Rostand's success that the critic becomes, yet again, acutely conscious of the difference. Why is it that, to choose an example from very near at hand, M. Paul Hervieu, in "La Course du Flambeau," strikes me, in comparison, and quite apart from the degree of talent, as starting and as keeping straight? Or, indeed, why, I should perhaps rather ask, does the author of "L'Aiglon," in comparison and quite apart from the degree of talent, strike me as starting and as keeping crooked? Where does the comparison, in such an instance, reside?—with what standard of value, outside of each work, do we make it? By what sign in advance do we know the romantic? by what sign do we know the real? and by what instrument do we, as they diverge, measure their divergence? What proof is there, in short, that "L'Aiglon" has, in fact, diverged and that "La Course du Flambeau" has not? Absorbing inquiries for the critic and for the artist alike, but which they will probably not meet in the same way. The critic, at all events,—certainly the critic for whom I speak,—will profess that he recognizes the romantic deflection by recognizing on his own part an anxiety, general or special, as to where it will come out if left only to itself. As that apprehension sharpens—and there are several ways of dealing with it—he himself grows more and more sure. He knows where he is, and, above all, where he is not; he is not in the real—or in the air of things that pass with him for belonging

to it; inasmuch as in the real he is without the particular anxiety I speak of—however much suspense of another and much simpler sort the real may easily create. This latter suspense is somehow never, I think, as to where the author and the system themselves will come out, but as to where some person will, or the affairs of some person in whom they have interested him. The author and the system, he finds himself assuming, will come out wherever life itself does, and he follows them with confidence so far. It is both the difficulty and a part of the inspiration—as well as no small part of the glory—of a writer like M. Rostand that he has himself to create the confidence, and to keep it up in the face of difficulties; so that he is perpetually drawing on his credit with us as he goes.

Well, why should he not, it may be asked, if he makes us continue to trust him, or at all events beguiles, bewilders, fascinates us into going with him, causes us simple-mindedly to follow our nose through this labyrinth, however little may be his own rule of progress? There is no answer to this question but to say, let him follow who can. We ask but to follow as far as our simple-mindedness permits. The critic's nose is a special nose, and who can tell in what direction it may be turned? Even after it has led him through M. Rostand from beginning to end, its possessor may still be concerned with the possibility of anyone's going safely, in the same direction, "one better"—better than the idea of "La Princesse," or than the idea of "Cyrano," or than the idea of "L'Aiglon." Better than, in their way, the form and skill and spring of these things nothing could very well be—for the writer positively strikes us as having talent as thoroughly as you have small-pox; but where are fresh motives of the same family to come from, unless with the family features unduly, even monstrously, marked? M. Rostand may answer, naturally, that this is none of our business; that his future proceedings are his own affair, and that it will be time enough to take dark views of his possible mistakes

when he has put them, with the inimitable last touches, before us. We can allow that he is right, and yet not feel snubbed; for anxiety is the tenderest of sentiments, and it is all from tenderness that we speak. Nothing is more probable than that if his power of illustration were even a trifle less, the inexorable logic of his fate would leave us indifferent. We should not in those conditions in the least mind that he cannot afford—and still have anything left—to be much more "heroic." The word is his own—he applies it to the type of comedy of "Cyrano," which it excellently fits; so that we may take it as a convenient name for his danger. The heroic, if only as a mere subdivision, has, like the patriotic, a mystery, a shy pride, which we fain would ensure the respect of; nothing is more to be deprecated than that it should be too much named and numbered, too freely accosted. We know it *after*, for the most part, rather than before or at the time, and even, oddly enough, when it is present we often take it for something else. We must not, however, I admit, be too literal, and I gladly grant that the sources of romance are many and the sources of amusement more. I may go further still, go so far as to say that a student enamored of the "real" is doubtless in some degree moved, on behalf of this cause, by jealousy of our author's extraordinary variety of touch, his boundless animation. Let that be taken for natural, and let me, in accordance with it, confess that I should be grateful indeed for the fine sight of M. Rostand's animation fairly coming home to roost, or, otherwise expressed, to life.

Only, by all means, not prematurely, not compunctiously, not before we have seen the game played out. If there be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—the sea, say, of the pilgrims of "La Princesse"—he will catch them as no one else can do. If he is likely to find anywhere the stuff of such another overflowing first act as that of the seventeenth-century playhouse, the Hotel de Bourgogne in "Cyrano," such another overtopping fourth as that of the siege of Arras, with its

poetry and bravery of empty stomachs and delightfully theatric apparition of Roxane, let him go to the far end of his rope, for these are in truth full sources of amusement. I delight as well in the fifth act of "Cyrano," that of the final peace in the convent garden, the quietude of the old literary swashbuckler, the old—or the older—beauty, the old extravagant, troubled time: as charming a fifth act, and as little perfunctory, as a romantic play often gives us. I delight not less in every step and stage of "L'Aiglon," and forbear from citing and selecting only because the author's struggle with his hard task strikes sparks from the metal scarce more at one time than at another. The task, as I have already briefly described it, never relaxes the question of creating, intensifying, multiplying movement where movement is fundamentally not; so that the energy and ingenuity are always in the breach and always performing prodigies of valor. M. Rostand has in every act of the six his ladder stiffly against the wall; he is in every act all for getting over and getting in; the admirable scenic temperament returns again and again to the charge. "L'Aiglon" is, on this ground, quite as much a *comédie héroïque* as its predecessor; and I am well aware of causing it to be asked, in possible stupefaction, if I would then wish our author to write in the manner—since I have named that work—of "La Course du Flambeau." Many things would come up in answer to such a challenge, but I can glance now at only one—the interesting fact that there is no degree of talent, no wealth of the dramatic temperament, that such an idea as that of "La Course du Flambeau" (in common with a great many other good ideas) necessarily excludes. It is a comparatively quiet matter, yet the dramatic temperament—which M. Paul Hervieu possesses, to my sense, but in a limited degree—might have discovered a world in its quietness. Three generations, in the persons of three women—the heroine, as it were, her mother, and her daughter—are put in presence, and the thesis of the piece, I take it, is that, under a

pressure involving sacrifice, the eldest generation is inevitably the one sacrificed most, the one by whose doom the others profit. As between her mother and her daughter, in other words, a woman's *passion*—for that is the point—is, uncontrollably, more maternal than filial: she conceivably arrives, in fine, like M. Hervieu's Sabine Revel, at dealing death to what is behind her in order to save what is in front. She kills her mother, practically—not, I hasten to add, wilfully or overtly—for her daughter's sake.

This perhaps sounds an odd subject to describe as "quiet," but I maintain the term; besides which everything is relative. The quietness, I hold, might have been greater even than the author has made it, for there is an element of the romantic, which is no help, in his heroine's particular case. She is romantic, that is, by irritability and egotism; she might have been a different character without the least injury to the expression of the idea. However, the idea is expressed, and almost vividly—the idea that the torch of life, in the passage from hand to hand, can stay in no grasp, and, above all, can never move backward, whatever the insistent clutch. If M. Hervieu's demonstration of the matter be spoken of as dry, dull, gray, as exactly wanting in the qualities in which M. Rostand abounds, let that exactly show why we wonder what it might not have become under the latter's care. The element of animation is, in the actual piece, so absent that the effect—though with science, with lucidity, measurably behind it—remains, in degree, as unlike as possible the effect of M. Rostand; we feel it present, but we feel it not salient; it scarcely at all represents itself. What does it do, then, what does M. Hervieu do, to be not so very much the less interesting? He follows, so far as he sees it, he clings to, the line of life, and it is a wonder what that—when good faith assists—will do for almost any dramatist. The writer can follow it for itself, follow it with such profit that I must take some other occasion for reference to the experiments lately multiplied in France

under this conviction—those of MM. Maurice Donnay, Brioux, Porto-Riche, de Curel, and others. Such an experiment as “La Course du Flambeau”—or at any rate such a complexion as it wears—reminds us afresh how a romantic idea would never have got off clear with an equal neglect of those precautions and diversions that I have described it as condemned by its nature to prepare for the bamboozlement of the reader. I am afraid, to conclude, that I simply want everything; I want the line of life, and I want the bamboozlement too. I am full of tenderness for M. Rostand—I detest the idea

that anything should happen to him. Now, it may lucklessly happen that there be *not* as good fish in the romantic sea—as good, I mean, as those in respect to which his bamboozlement has hitherto so triumphed. There may be only such hauls as will render bamboozlement vain. It is dreadful to think of, but he will then not have, as the saying is, a loaf on the shelf. There is no question, for M. Paul Hervieu, of exactly bamboozling us; but even if there were it would practically make no difference. *His* loaf on the shelf is large and certain.

“Max”*

By ARTHUR LAWRENCE

WITHIN the circle of the eclectic—the dimensions of which one has no means of knowing—Mr. Max Beer-

bohm is one of the few real points of interest in the British realm of essay and caricature. It is a somewhat fitful light that he gives us, however, as of a remote beacon, perceptible only at intervals amidst the booming waters of latter-day letters and art.

As an essayist, he has the full courage of his want of conviction, and in the audacity of his egotism he has surpassed even that cheery self-consciousness which marks the essays of Elia. His ability would enable one, in other respects, to substantiate the comparison.

The contents of his two published volumes, “Works” and “More,” are evidence—slender in bulk though it may be—that originality of thought and expression has not been frustrated, in this instance, by the histrionic ability which “Max” shares with those who have been described as our “eminent Pose Fanciers.”

His life, so far, has been brief, and but for his notable contributions to prose and to caricature it has also been uneventful. To quote the preface to his “Works,” contributed by his publisher, Mr. John Lane:



HENRY LABOUCHERE, M. P.

*The illustrations to this article are from original drawings by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

Like two other great essayists, Addison and Steele, Mr. Beerbohm was educated at Charter-



SIR WILLIAM VERNON-HARCOURT
MR. LEWIS VERNON-HARCOURT ("LULU")



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

house, and, like the latter, at Merton College, Oxford. At Charterhouse he is still remembered for his Latin verses, and for the superb gallery of portraits of the masters that he completed during his five years' sojourn there. . . . He matriculated at Merton in 1890, and immediately applied himself to the task he had set before him, namely, a gallery of portraits of the Dons.

His earliest prose contributions appeared in the *Yellow-Book*, and, to use

his own words, he achieved "that *succès de fiasco* which is always given to a young writer of talent." Pathetic words are those in an essay of his dated from Chicago (1895), although they have yet to be verified.

. . . the stress of creation soon overwhelmed me. Only Art with a capital A gives any consolation to her henchmen. And I, who crave no knighthood, shall write no more. I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche.

Born on August 24th, the day of St. Bartholomew, the infant Max escaped the massacre of the Innocents by choosing the year 1872 instead of the earlier period, and has, as yet, escaped that literary extinction which the words I have quoted from his affecting valedictory confession might have portended. The lover of the cultivated, the modish, and the recondite, in the form of an essay, may well forfend the day when any Vale to "Max" shall need to be uttered.

It was in 1895 that, taking by the hand his half-brother, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, he left the shores of Great Britain and spent nearly three months in America. He had then but transferred two or three of his idyls to the *Yellow-Book*, but those whom he met in America knew of them and greeted him as an old friend—if this is not insulting his youth. In fact, if there is any truth in the suggestion that Columbus discovered America, the fact is less open to controversy that America discovered Max Beerbohm.

Yet it is certain that the old country was not far behindhand in the discovery, for his merit had not escaped the observation of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, by whom Mr. Beerbohm was promptly commissioned to write a series of articles for the morning paper under Mr. Harmsworth's control.



LORD LURGAN D.L., J.P.

The Critic

There can be little doubt that these articles created the huge circulation which that paper enjoys.

Of himself it may be said that the courtly atmosphere of his essays is borne out—or distilled—by his presence, and, for the rest, his pretty pose of audacity is accompanied in his own

portrait of him at the age of ten which hangs on his walls. Therefrom, over a vast expanse of white collar, the heavily-lidded, round blue eyes of the youth, as of St. Veronica, look out from the frame, heedless of the gaze of the world, and unperturbed by the uncouth speech of the interviewer.



THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, J.P., M.P.

character by a full measure of that good humor and modesty which ever pertains to the genius which declines to be too closely allied to insanity.

His personal appearance, in its suggestion of detached tranquillity, of the even temperament which no success can disturb, is best depicted in a pastel

Literature is regarded by him as his true avocation. Caricature is his chief recreation. With him caricature is instinctive, and just as the Prime Minister has been wont to turn from the cares of diplomacy to the delights of the laboratory, so "Max" will turn from the composition of prose to the

pleasures of adding to his ever-increasing collection of individuals transfixed and transformed. It is a passion which has little to do with that of the collector. It is truly productive. For one sketch that he publishes there are a hundred others in his portfolio.

True caricature is an esoteric art,

people, but, she added subsequently, the people are really quite like the caricatures. It is the art of the magician. After glancing at his masterly efforts, it is impossible to see the living victims otherwise than through his own formula.

There is a wizardry in the art which



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH

and there are many who cannot appreciate it. The unkindest criticism I have heard is that his caricatures are nothing more than mere comic valentines. Not the least flattering criticism is that of a lady who remarked to him that his caricatures were not like the

can express in a few lines of real beauty the "melting candle" appearance of Mr. Lecky or the essential hunger of Mr. Chamberlain, although one is sometimes tempted to believe that when "Max" has flung humanity into the cauldron of his enchantments, the



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM LECKY, P.C., M.P.

results must occasionally surprise him. One feels that he must be an inhuman Frankenstein if he is never saddened or terrified by the general aspect of some of the beings which his art has created.

Yet the writer is not alone in the belief that the black-and-white work of Max Beerbohm is the truest expression of the whole art of caricature. What should be the measure of the achievement? The artist has said:

The perfect caricature (whether of a handsome man or a hideous or insipid) must be an exaggeration of the whole creature, from top to toe. Whatsoever is salient must be magnified, whatsoever is subordinate must be proportionately diminished. The whole man must be melted down, as in a crucible, and then, as from the deposit, be fashioned anew. He must emerge with not one particle of himself lost, yet with not a particle of himself as it was before.

These are, indeed, counsels of perfection. It is for those best able to appreciate artistic methods and effects, as well as what is demanded of caricature, to judge how far the author-artist has attained his ideal. There is but one point of contact between portraiture—a term which covers a great deal of caricature, so called—and real caricature. Both aim at intensifying the essential, but the selection of the essential is approached from points of view as remote as the poles. Caricature is the art of parody, the last word of the jester, the artistic form of the epigrammatic.

The caricatures of Max Beerbohm need no aid from letterpress. Their quality is purely artistic, and the appeal does not depend upon anything of political or literary significance. They are the last word of comment, truly creative efforts, projected on paper with a simplicity of method which certainly does not detract from the potency of this phase of Mr. Beerbohm's artistic expression.





Real Conversations*

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

Conversation VII.—With Professor Masson

(Historiographer Royal for Scotland)

SCENE: *Edinburgh; Professor Masson's Study.* TIME: *Afternoon.*

Professor Masson. I hope you had no difficulty in finding your way here. We have only lately been included within the city boundaries. Till a little while ago we were supposed to be "in the country."

W. A. Well, practically you *are* in the country: that romantic wooded hill, and the little loch below, with the white sails on it!

Professor Masson. And the Pentlands beyond.

W. A. Edinburgh has certainly grown out of all knowledge since the days when I was an idle student in your class, Professor Masson.

Professor Masson. Oh, I remember you very well. I remember where you used to sit—at the top left-hand corner of the lecture-room.

W. A. I trust it was not my misconduct—but I fear it can scarcely have been my diligence—that impressed itself on your memory. Still (though to some extent I "sinned my mercies"), as a pupil of yours, I could not refrain from putting in my word in the ridiculous controversy that cropped up again the other day, as to whether literature can be taught.

Professor Masson. I had not heard of the discussion till you sent me your article. Perhaps I am not an impartial judge in the matter, for I am naturally somewhat loth to believe that forty-

three years of my life have been devoted to an impossibility. But indeed I see no very cogent reason for believing so. It is true, of course, that you cannot put brains into a born block-head, or teach perception where no perceptive faculty exists. But if that be an argument against the teaching of English literature, it is no less an argument against all teaching whatsoever. Though you cannot give a lad brains, you can help him—in the study of English literature, as in any other study—to use what brains he has. You can awaken and stimulate his interest in the great procession of genius that constitutes our literary history. Though you cannot implant taste where it does not exist, you can train it where, as in the immense majority of cases, the elements of it are present. Taste in literature is not a thing granted in perfection, or absolutely denied, by a special decree of heaven. It can be formed and cultivated, just like a taste in (say) tobacco. If a man never smokes anything but bad cigars, he will never have any discrimination. But once let him smoke five or six good cigars—I hope that one, by the way, is to *your* taste—and he will know good from bad for the rest of his days. It is the teacher's business to place some of the select cigars of literature before his pupil; and either the teacher must be very uninspiring, or the pupil very dense, if their aroma does not haunt

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him forever after, and render him proof against the pretensions of the cabbage-leaf of commerce.

W. A. It is fortunate—though Ruskin, if I remember rightly, used to deplore the fact—that the bookseller's Havanas are not as costly, in proportion, as the tobacconist's.

Professor Masson. And surely it is the same with pictures. If you want to form your taste for painting, you study, under expert guidance, a number of masterpieces, and learn what the painters have done, and what they have left undone, to command the admiration of the world.

W. A. Then again—if I may be allowed to say so—the instruction in rhetoric and composition that was included in your course was simply invaluable. You cannot teach a man to write like Sir Thomas Browne any more than you can teach him to compose like Beethoven. He must have the music of words in his soul, no less than the music of tone. But such teaching as yours, besides helping us to appreciate the prose of the masters, put us on our guard against many of the pitfalls, the current illogicalities and obscurities, of English writing. It enabled us, when we had anything to say, to say *that* and not something different. Many lads go up to the English universities—ay, and come down from them, too—very fair classical scholars, but unable to write their own language with reasonable force and precision.

Professor Masson. Yes, I think the Scottish system of teaching English literature has a good deal to be said for it. Yet you find people in England discussing whether, and how, literature should be taught, in apparent ignorance of the fact that we in Scotland have something like a century and a half of experience on these points to come and go upon.

W. A. In America, too, they don't stop to argue whether instruction in English literature is advisable. In all their great colleges there are schools of English language and literature, with a numerous and enthusiastic teaching staff.

Professor Masson. Talking of that,

I was glad to see you, the other day, standing up for the right of America to contribute new words and phrases to the language, if only they prove themselves good and useful contributions.

W. A. If they prove themselves fitted to survive, in short.

Professor Masson. Just so. Every new word—and, for that matter, every old word as well—is of course on probation. If, and while, it supplies a want, it lives; when it no longer supplies a want, it dies. And in the living language of a living people, new conditions will always be begetting new wants. It is difficult to understand the state of mind of a man who insists on treating a living language as a dead one, incapable of growth, of expansion. When, for instance, an eminent public man lately, condemning the verbal vagaries of some writers, said that, as for himself, he was "content with the English language," or words to that effect, what was his exact meaning? There has been, one may say, a succession of English languages, each of which has put off old words and put on new. Not to go back so far as to Langland or Chaucer, take the language of Shakespeare, so marvellously, so incomparably, rich in its vocabulary. If a writer now tried to express himself on any topic of modern life in the vocabulary of Shakespeare, he would find even that unique vocabulary run hopelessly short before he had written ten sentences.

W. A. And, on the other hand, there are countless words in Shakespeare which no writer could use to-day, at any rate in prose, without palpable and painful affectation.

Professor Masson. Then, again, imagine Shakespeare now alive and attempting to read an English author of the nineteenth century. Take, for instance, one who cannot be accused of using eccentric or far-fetched terms—Macaulay. Shakespeare could not read a page or two of Macaulay's Essays without coming across words and phrases that would stagger him—over each of which he would have to pause for five or ten minutes before he could divine its meaning—so many objects,

notions, and social customs that did not exist in Shakespeare's lifetime having come into being since, and been provided necessarily with names and verbal combinations enabling them to be talked of and written about familiarly. Each of the nouns and verbs unknown to Shakespeare must have been at one time or another a neologism. If, as each presented itself, purists had risen up against it, declared themselves "content with the English language," and scourged it out of the sacred confine, the English language would presently have become incapable of expressing the thoughts, or even transacting the daily business, of the nation. It is absurd to say to the rising tide of language: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Of course everyone who writes or speaks English can, in a greater or less degree, influence the obscure process by which the ultimate acceptance or rejection of a new word is determined. But to set your face indiscriminately against all neologism is merely to renounce your right of influencing, however infinitesimally, the language of the future. For the language of the future will certainly not be the language of the present, or of any arbitrary date at which you have made up your mind that the power of assimilation, which has made English what it is, ought to cease and determine. The English language of next week will not be absolutely the same as the English language of this week.

W. A. I wonder whether this habit of regarding English as something rigid and inexpansive does not proceed partly from the habit of composing in the dead languages, in which no word must be used that cannot cite its definite credentials. But Cicero himself could scarcely write, say, a treatise on bimetalism, or a philippic against Mr. Cecil Rhodes, without enlarging the scope of Ciceronian Latin.

Professor Masson. There is an old story of a Glasgow man who was so impressed by the prodigious copiousness and rapidity of Lord Jeffrey's utterance in one of his great speeches at the Bar, that he exclaimed at the close of it: "Mercy on us! that man has

spoken the English language twice over in three hours." But the English language is not so easily exhausted. This illusion of finality in language takes another form in the attacks one sometimes sees in Scottish periodicals upon the dialect of the so-called "Kailyard School" of Scottish novelists—Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Crockett, and the rest. I have seen it denounced as "mongrel Scotch," "factitious Scotch," and so forth. Now that is very unjust. There has never been a fixed, cast-iron Scotch, any more than an unalterable English. The Scottish language and the provincial dialects of English have been subject, and are still subject, to laws of progressive internal change, similar to those that have affected, and still affect, the standard English. The Scotch of Barbour is not that of Sir David Lindsay; the Scotch of Sir David Lindsay is not that of Allan Ramsay (which may be called a sort of eclectic Scotch for literary use in Edinburgh in the early part of the eighteenth century); nor is the Scotch of Allan Ramsay exactly that of Burns. Sir Walter's also was, in a certain sense, eclectic—not that of any one shire or strath. You can seldom tell from the language of his characters what Lowland district they are supposed to belong to. Barrie, on the other hand, reproduces faithfully (within the limits of art) the dialect of his own countryside.

W. A. May it not be that the critics obscurely feel the dialect of the present day to be too much debased for use in literature, and abuse the authors for doing badly what in reality they do only too well?

Professor Masson. It is true, no doubt, that a dialect so situated as the old Scottish vernacular has been during the past century, necessarily approximates more and more towards the language of what Lord Rosebery calls the "predominant partner."

W. A. And consequently becomes less and less worthy of preservation in literature?

Professor Masson. I don't know that. It doubtless becomes less interesting to the philologist, but not necessarily

less valuable to the artist. If a novelist is going faithfully to depict a certain class of people, he must evidently make them talk in their characteristic idiom, regardless of its philological interest. If the people are worth depicting, their dialect must at least be accepted as a necessary means to that end. It is true there are some books that exist solely for the sake of their dialect, and have no worth that does not reside in that. But no one can say that Barrie's belong to this class.

W. A. Certainly not I. He seems to me one of the most authentic men of genius we have. As to Scotch, is it not the case that while the accent and intonation remain inveterate, the vocabulary, in the towns at least, has almost died out? Not long ago I had occasion to listen for some time to the conversation of a number of Innerleithen mill-hands. Their pronunciation was so broad that an Englishman would probably not have understood them; but they used very few Scotch words, and their talk was full of the latest London music-hall slang. Their vocabulary seemed to proceed mainly from *Spicy Scraps*, *Snappy Bits*, and such-like wells of English undefiled. On the other hand, I was very much struck, in cycling across the Border a few years ago, with the suddenness of the plunge into the very broadest Scotch, without the smallest natural frontier to account for the cleavage of the dialects. Something went amiss with my cycle just as I reached the Border, and I asked the first person I saw—a man breaking stones on the road—the way to the famous blacksmith's at Gretna Green. His reply was: "Ye 'll jist hae to turn fornent the toon." You could scarcely have broader Doric than that—"fornent" for "opposite," and "toon" in the sense, not of town, but of farmstead. Yet, a mile back on the level road, the natives spoke Cumbrian English, indeed, but English none the less.

Professor Masson. That was not Hugh Miller's experience the first time he crossed the Border, the other way. You remember how he looked out in

vain for some sign, in nature or in man, that he had passed into a new country. For a long time he could discover no such sign until the coach on which he was had to change horses somewhere or other. As the coachman was ready to start afresh, he shouted to the guard: "All right, Bill?" and the guard replied: "Right as the Church of England!" Then, and not till then, Miller realized that he had left Scotland behind. Yet he was a man whom "Englishry" of speech would be likely to strike forcibly, for his own Cromarty Scotch was peculiar. He would talk, for instance—I exaggerate a little, perhaps, but not seriously—"of the butter kip of affluention."

W. A. (after a pause). I give it up. "Affluention" I recognize, but what is the "butter kip?"

Professor Masson. Why, the "bitter cup." No doubt I do his dialect a certain injustice, for, being an Aberdeenshire man, I am more at home in the Aberdeenshire dialect, with its peculiarities of "f" for "wh" and "ee" for "oo"—for example, "Fat are ye deen?" for "What are you doing?" Do you know our local classic, Alexander's "Johnny Gibb o' Gushetneuk?"

W. A. I'm afraid I don't.

Professor Masson. Mr. Gladstone used to take great pleasure in it; but its dialect would be a stumbling-block even to most Scotchmen. Hugh Miller, of course, though he could talk in broad Scotch, wrote excellent and classical English. I always think his "My Schools and Schoolmasters" one of those books that there ought to be an Act of Parliament to compel all young men to read.

W. A. I am afraid it is a good deal neglected in these days. And that reminds me, Professor Masson, of a point I wanted to suggest to you. Your memory goes back to the middle years of last century. You saw, if not the rise, at any rate the culmination of all the great writers of the Victorian Age. Do you think it is true that the men of to-day are comparatively a puny folk?—that in the field of literature, at any rate, there is a notable

lack of such commanding individualities as made, say, the fifties and sixties illustrious?

Professor Masson. Well, that is a point on which the probability of illusion is so great that one has to speak very cautiously. Every age has been inclined to look back on a previous age, and say: "There were giants in those days."

W. A. But you, who have rubbed shoulders with the giants of the past half century—can you look around now, and point to any considerable number of men who have either reached, or given definite promise of reaching, an intellectual or artistic stature at all comparable with that of Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Mill, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot? Of course I "bar" Meredith, Herbert Spencer, and Swinburne, the great bulk, at any rate, of whose life-work lies in the bygone period. Or, to look at it from another point of view: in all the huge output of books of to-day, how many are there for which you could at all confidently predict even the lease of life which the works of those writers, and of lesser writers than they, have already enjoyed, to say nothing of the future that may yet be in store for them?

Professor Masson. It is true, I think, that the conditions of modern life are apt to be unfavorable to the abstraction and concentration necessary for the greatest kind of work. There was more leisure in my young days—the railway and the electric telegraph had not yet taken such tyrannous hold of us. As I see the young men of to-day going on their way through life, it seems to me that few of them pause to look up at the stars; more of them are intent on looking horizontally before them—or downwards. The average of accomplishment, I should say, has improved; but men go about their work now in a different spirit. Among the best of the young men of my time the actual *nous* was as good as in the best of the young men of to-day, and they were able to give it a better chance. They had far more of solitude,

far less of compulsory or prescribed occupation, far more of passive contemplation, letting their spirits lie open to all the winds that blew. And so pretty well on into manhood. Think of Tennyson, and all the years that he went mooning things over in his own mind, and humming them to his own ear, between the publication of his early, unripe work and that of the work that took the world by storm! In those days, when a subject struck a man, he did not dash at his desk at once—he rolled the thing over and over in his mind first, and got into complete affinity with it—

W. A. (interrupting). Whereas, now, the moment an idea strikes him, he (or his agent) sends a paragraph to the literary papers to announce the momentous fact. And then he proceeds to dictate the great work to a typewriter at the rate of so many thousand words a day.

Professor Masson. Formerly, too, when a man had written his book, he put the manuscript under his arm and went off with it to a publisher, to take his chance. Nowadays it is, as often as not, the publisher that has originated the idea and commissioned the book. Look at the innumerable "series," for example—many of them capitally conceived, most useful, excellent—but necessarily involving some restriction upon the individuality of each contributor. He has to fall into line—to write to a pattern—at the very least to confine himself within a fixed limit of space.

W. A. One can scarcely imagine Carlyle contributing to a series.

Professor Masson. And this new relation expresses itself in the very wording of the literary announcements. We are told that Mr. Smith or Messrs. Brown (the publishers) "will give us," on such and such a date, Mr. So-and-So's new novel or volume of essays; as though our gratitude for the benefaction of literature were due primarily to Tonson, not to Dryden, to Constable, not to Scott.

W. A. I believe many a promising talent is killed by the literary papers. Some years ago, for instance, I knew a

young man of considerable ability who made some trifling success, while still an undergraduate, with a novelette or a book of poems. He was "taken up" by an enthusiastic publisher, and from that moment you could scarcely open a literary paper without finding the movements, achievements, projects, contracts, inspirations of Mr. M. N. chronicled in full. What chance was there, under such circumstances, for the "abstraction and concentration" you speak of? What could be the effect of all this puffing and paragraphing, except to beget in the young man, if not inordinate vanity, at any rate morbid and distracting self-consciousness? Of late the flow of paragraphs seems to have ceased, and I dare say we may look for some really solid work from Mr. M. N., who, I believe, is quite capable of it. But the incessant publicity, of which this is an instance, is certainly not conducive to high inspiration.

Professor Masson. No, it is not. As I said before, solitude seems to be impossible in the modern world. In the older, more leisurely time, men were more concerned with what may be called elemental notions. The bigger facts and forces in nature and in the soul came more intimately home to them. They saw their kind in larger relations to each other, and in conjunctures that begot the larger passions. In the stir and bustle of modern life, where one sensation crowds upon another, it is the ephemeral things that interest men. I remember once being with Tennyson at Norman Lockyer's house, then near Finchley Road, where he had his own telescope at work in the back garden. There was much interest at that time in the resolution of the nebulae, and we were all looking in turn through Lockyer's telescope at that particular nebula then most in favor for the purpose. Tennyson, after gazing intently at it for a long time, turned away from the telescope, and said to the one or two of us that were nearest to him: "I don't know what one can say about the county families after that." Yet the county families keep well in the foreground of men's

thoughts, and literature finds a good deal to say of them.

W. A. Well, even the county families were no bad theme in the hands of Shakespeare and Scott and Thackeray.

Professor Masson. Oh, I don't mean to imply that the weakness of modern literature—if weakness there be—lies in its choice of subjects.

W. A. May we not say, to put the matter briefly, that literature as a whole tends more and more to the conditions of journalism, in being deliberately calculated to meet a large but ephemeral demand?

Professor Masson. Ah! journalism!—what a power that is! How can literature be quite what it was, with the vast profession of journalism, day by day, week by week, month by month, drawing off so much and so remarkable talent? Think what wonderful matter there is in our daily papers! I have not the least doubt that there appears every day, in anonymous leading articles, writing superior, not only in tone, but in actual literary faculty, to the Letters of Junius. When I was a young man, journalism, as we know it to-day, practically did not exist. Now that perishable work brings not only a quicker but a larger reward than permanent work, what wonder if the quantity of permanent work should decline? How few have the means, the character, the patience, to devote themselves to graving in bronze, when jottings in wax are so much more in demand?

W. A. And by jottings in wax you don't, I take it, mean only writings in obviously ephemeral form? We must include in journalism, I think, the great majority even of the books "bound and lettered on the back" (as Charles Lamb put it) that jostle one another on Mudie's counter. They are, in nine cases out of ten, put forth with no design or hope of attaining a longer life than that of a monthly review, or at the outside a quarterly. If we could get at statistics of the average longevity even of successful books, I fancy we should find it very much less than the average longevity of books of similar status fifty years ago.

Professor Masson. The competition,

you see, has so immensely increased. Look at fiction, for instance. At present, I believe, there are about five novels published every day in Great Britain; whereas at about the middle of the "Waverley" period the output of novels was only twenty-five in the year. By the end of Scott's life it had risen, I think, to a hundred. Consider, then, what chance there is that any novel will deeply and permanently impress itself on the imagination of the public when it finds as many competitors within one week as "Ivanhoe," let us say, found in a year.

W. A. All these causes, however—the whirl of life, the distractions of journalism, and so forth—are surely too external, too superficial, to account for the lack of commanding individualities in the literary world of to-day. Assuming the phenomenon to be real, and not illusory, I think we must look for some deeper, more compulsive, cause for it. Is there not something in the philosophic, the spiritual, atmosphere of the day, which prevents great talents—they are by no means lacking—from developing into great characters?

Professor Masson. I very well remember, my dear Mr. Archer, walking down the Strand one afternoon in February,—yes, it must have been February,—1848, and reading on the placard outside some newspaper office: *Revolution in Paris—Abdication of King Louis Philippe*. That has always marked for me the beginning of a new era in the history of the stretch of time that lies within my own recollection. You know what followed in the political world—how the thrones tottered and toppled all over Europe. But the revolution seems to have been intellectual as much as political. There was the coming into the air of all sorts of new speculative notions. One is sometimes inclined to wonder whether at such a period the earth may not have sailed into some new region of space, so that the air had become impregnated with new principles. That, of course, is mere whimsy; but who can say that the transition from one spiritual period to another may not be marked by some actual change in the telluric conditions, ren-

dering men's nerves more responsive to one set of stimuli, more insensible to another? At any rate, one remembers the effects of the 1848 revolution as not incomparable with those of the first French Revolution, sixty years earlier, of which we are told:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

That is scarcely too much to say of the exaltation of mind throughout Europe during the years that followed 1848; and it is likely enough, I think, that the present may come to be regarded as a period of reaction from the flush of confidence in the high destinies of mankind, and the approaching solution of the great problems of social well-being, which then suffused the whole atmosphere of thought.

W. A. We may take it for granted, I suppose, that a positive fervor is more likely than a negative conviction to give a man the power of impressing himself forcibly upon the imagination of the world; whereas, nowadays, wisdom seems, for the moment, to lie in the negative, the restrictive direction. Looking back upon the men of the mid-century, we have to say: "They were over-hasty; they were over-sanguine; the problem is more complex than they imagined, its solution more remote." Even the denunciatory prophets of that period—Carlyle and Ruskin—fulminated from the standpoint of a simple ethical system which we do not now find to tally with the facts. A man of their genius and temper coming to the front to-day could no longer feel the serene confidence in the plenitude of his inspiration which was half the secret of their impressiveness. Is not that so?

Professor Masson. Yes, I dare say there is something in that. What lay at the root of the optimism both of Tennyson and of Browning seems to have been a fervent, unflinching faith in the immortality of the human soul. Is there any poet now who so distinctly finds inspiration in that belief? You are perhaps more conversant than I with the new generation of poets; but it seems to me that we have to make

our account with a great weakening of the old metaphysical supports of religion.

W. A. Well, there are some of the younger poets, with Francis Thompson at their head, who profess an allegiance to dogmatic Christianity of the Roman Catholic type; but, to tell the truth, I think the immortality of the soul is not the dogma that means most to them. Their faith in it strikes me as verbal rather than real. At any rate, one does not find them singing with Tennysonian rapture of the time

When we shall stand transfigured like Christ on
Hermon Hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and light
in light,
Shall flash through one another, in a moment, as
we will.

Of the non-Catholic poets, the majority, I fancy, think of the hereafter rather with A. E. Housman, who sings, in the character of his "Shropshire Lad":

'T is a long way farther than Knighton,
A quieter place than Clun,
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten,
And little 't will matter to one.

Stephen Phillips, indeed, has somewhere spoken with emphasis of the unreality of death; but I gather—I may be wrong—that he bases his faith on psychical research rather than on religion.

Professor Masson. That suggests another feature of the present situation that must be borne in mind. The magic word of the past half-century, in the domain of science, seems to have lost a good deal of its virtue. "Evolution" is no longer the ultimate and all-illuminating conception it once appeared to be. We still hear, everywhere, indeed, of "Evolution," "Evolution," in every possible form of the notion—from the evolution of the modern dress-coat to the evolution of the Idea of God—and the legitimate applications of the doctrine and the phrase are by no means yet exhausted. But there are symptoms as if the doctrine were likely to be succeeded in the supremacy now possessed by it over the spirit of man—succeeded by some

new physical conception, perhaps even now on the threshold of consciousness. The probability seems to be that this new revelation will come to us out of the realms of the grander or Transcendental Physics. A memorable paragraph in Newton's "Principia" was that in which, declaring that he could hardly conceive how any scientifically trained mind could suppose the action of one material body upon another through an absolute vacuum, he threw out the hypothesis of a certain extremely attenuated physical something, *quidam spiritus*, omnipresent in space, and not only filling the intervals between the great celestial orbs, but interpenetrating also all material substances whatever, and concerned with their molecular workings. The suggestion was long neglected or refused; but of late the chiefs of our modern Natural Philosophers have been again on the track so indicated, laboriously busy with the speculations and investigations to which it leads. The results have been already momentous. No longer, for example, can we keep to the hitherto customary conception of our Earth as surrounded by an atmosphere so many miles thick, beyond which there is a sheer vacuum till some planet or star is struck. There is no such thing, we are now told, as a vacuum anywhere in the Universe; all the interspaces between suns, stars, and planets are actually filled, as Newton imagined them to be, by a subtle physical something, provisionally called *ether*, through which there are incessant jelly-like shudderings and vibrations. Respecting this ether and its nature and manifestations we have much more to learn; but we seem to be on the eve of the advent of a doctrine,—say a doctrine of a certain greater simultaneity throughout space than has hitherto been dreamt of,—which may modify in future no less our metaphysical than our physical conceptions.

W. A. You think, then, that we are, so to speak, in a slack-water stage, between the high tide of evolutionary doctrine and that of the next great scientific generalization?

Professor Masson. As it is but a small portion of what is ordinarily called literature that has ever consisted, or even can consist, of expositions of scientific or philosophical doctrines, the relevancy of such big matters as we have just been speaking of to the topic immediately on hand may not be apparent. But, in the first place, if we are to accept it as a fact that there has been a falling off in the poetry, and the creative literature generally, of the present time as compared with the past, may not this be partly accounted for by the unusual energy of the *knowing faculty* of late, the extraordinary achievements of that faculty, the drifting of so large a proportion of the ablest intellects recently into the service of science? In the second place, are not the extraordinary recent achievements in science of all kinds, and the alertness of science for ever new triumphs, some of them already in sight, proofs positive that the strength of the human intellect for any purpose whatever is not yet exhausted, or near exhaustion, and suggestions, therefore, that, as soon as the great generalizations of recent and present science shall have been sufficiently worked into man's modes of thinking on all subjects, there may be a return to the older Muses, with the reappearance of a poetry as worthy as has ever been in the world, but strangely reinvigorated and refreshed?

W. A. Then, what is the upshot, as regards the alleged dearth of individual greatness in the generation of to-day?

Professor Masson. The upshot, I should say, is that, in so far as the alleged dearth is real at all, it results from transient conditions, such as have often before come into play on the threshold of periods which now rank among the greatest in the history of the human intellect.

W. A. Not long ago I tried to prove—and my argument passed muster with some good men—that an observer of 1840, when the great Victorian

harvest was ripening every hour, might have found quite as plausible reasons as an observer of to-day can possibly allege for bewailing the barrenness of the literary field. I won't trouble you with the details of the argument, for my time is getting short; but I think, if you look back, you will find that men who had given unquestionable evidence of commanding genius were no more numerous in 1840 than to-day.

Professor Masson. It would take some time to make the comparison, and even then it might be deceptive. But I don't need any such argument to inspire me, as I look about among the crowd of our eminent contemporaries in all walks of literature, with faith that, as Keats said:

Other spirits there are, standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come.

W. A. (at the door, catching sight of a photograph hanging on the wall). Surely I know that place! It is Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, is it not?

Professor Masson. Yes, that is it—the only house now remaining that Milton inhabited—and he occupied it only for a few months. Do you know—many people don't—that the ghost of the house in which Milton began his "Paradise Lost"—in which he lived when he was Latin secretary to Cromwell, and in which his blindness became total—is somewhere enclosed now in the huge bulk of the Queen Anne Mansions? I saw the house perishing under the pickaxe to make way for that colossus. I even made some little effort to save it; but, of course, it could n't be done.

W. A. Do you never come to London now, Professor Masson?

Professor Masson. Oh, yes. I do not despair of another visit ere very long.

W. A. Then I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you. Till then, good-bye—and many thanks.

[Exit.]



Recent Fiction

WHEN a miracle has been accomplished, how simple, how easy, the performance seems! "Why did nobody do that before? Why does n't everybody do it all the time?" ask the audience.

"Tom Beauling"* is by way of being a most unexpected and acceptable little miracle. For the last year or two even the good books have frequently been tedious, and the poor ones have been unspeakable. The fields of fiction have been parched and dry. Except always "Beaucaire" and "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," there has been little fiction that it was joy to read. Now comes a new writer and lays in our hands an offering that is almost incredibly fresh, dewy, spontaneous, and delightful. The present reviewer, walled up to the eyes with current fiction and bored to death by most of it, confesses to laughing and crying over this simple story as readers used to laugh and cry in the days when the world was young. When a little tale takes you by the shoulders after this fashion, there is nothing to do but surrender. You do not judge such work with the head, but with the heart, and the heart promptly pronounces Mr. Morris a benefactor. It is no small thing to insure the complete happiness of a human being for two hours, and every human being who picks up "Tom Beauling" (there will be many thousands of them sooner or later) is safe for that period of time from the assaults of care or ennui.

Of course the book is well done or it could not affect the reader so strongly; but its art seems like artlessness. It has the effect of having been done in the best way because the best was easiest. It is direct, wholesome, vivid, sparkling. Every sentence seems to have been shaped in joy; it reincarnates the spirit of everyone's lost youth.

As to what it is all about, that is something every reader is entitled to find out for himself. It would be mean

to tell. But do you remember when Harding Davis was young and wrote about the finer feelings as if there were no others in the world? In those days—but never, alas! again—he made you feel that greed, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncleanness were swept clean out of existence by the flourish of his pen. You breathed an enchanted air and walked an enchanted turf in that wonderful land of youth where nothing low or base can come. The author of "Tom Beauling" holds the keys to that magic country, and opens a gate that gives full upon one of its most beloved vistas.

"Kim"* is finished—and the approving reader wonders why it has left him a little cold. Certainly, it is a marvelous piece of work. If it came to us from the hand of an unknown writer, how we should wonder at and praise it! It begins with all the old magic. Kim, sitting astride the gun Zam-Zammeh and sliding off to make acquaintance with Teshoo lama and lead him into the Wonder-House at Lahore, is a figure of high romance. Kim and his lama together—strange comradeship wrought out of love and mutual loneliness—wandering up and down India hand in hand, are no less Sons of the Charm that binds those who read to the pages that the masters write.

As for the Grand Trunk road, broad, white, green-arched, shade-speckled, and fifteen hundred miles long,—the backbone of India, it is the most picturesque and delightful of all "the 'appy roads that take you o'er the world," and the pictures that we have of life upon it are wonderful visions of Kipling's India. The most striking aspect of the book, indeed, is that of a magnificent mosaic of Indian life. Against this background we have the figures of Kim and the lama, the shaping of the former into a tool fit for the Indian secret service and the working-out of the latter's search for the River of the Arrow—the river in which he

*"Tom Beauling." By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Co. \$

*"Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page, & Co. \$2.50.

who bathes washes away all sin. The end of the search is that the Mohammedan scoffer, Mahbub Ali, sees an old man worn with fasting and meditation fall into a brook through exhaustion; and he pulls him out half-drowned. To the lama himself, it seems that his soul, having once gone free beyond the illusion of Time and Space and Things, returned with great agonies, for that he could not bear to leave his disciple lest the latter, without him, should miss the Way. And because of the merit which he acquired by this renunciation, there broke out at his feet the River of the Arrow, in which both might wash and be purified. This conception of the end of the lama's search is subtle, ironic, and unsatisfactory. We knew before that religious conventions often seem ludicrous to the scoffer. It is not necessary to rub into the mind of the average man the difference between his religious experiences as they seem to himself and as they appear to other people. He knows the discrepancies only too well. And so it is not meet that any should jeer at him, whether he be a lama from Thibet or a plain God-seeking citizen. We should prefer that the lama missed his ducking and rested content in the discovery that by self-renunciation men escape from the Wheel of Things.

The one fault we may justly attribute to "Kim" is that, with all its charm, it moves us little. Emotion is the salt of all human endeavor. A novel need not necessarily deal with the love-interest, but it must have some emotional equivalent for the love-interest—something equally intense, absorbing, human. The "very great fault" of "The Day's Work," for instance, was that it left out this saving salt. With the best intentions in the world we failed to take a human interest in ships, locomotives, and ponies, although we had previously done so in panthers, wolves, and snakes. In "Kim" the affection between the disciple and his master is designed to furnish the necessary emotional element, but, somehow, the miracle fails to come off; our hearts are not stirred. It is hard to say why a

devotion so evident, so much insisted upon, does not touch us—simply, it does not.

We are willing to let Mr. Kipling treat the love-interest as a negligible quantity in fiction, but then we must have the True Romance in some other adequate form. "The Jungle Books," "The Naulahka," "The Brushwood Boy," "The Children of the Zodiac," bear witness that he can stir us if he will. We refuse to endorse wholly any work, however admirable, which does not give us this best gift.

"The Serious Wooing" * is one of the appalling books we sometimes get from extremely sensitive writers into whose natures the spectacle of life has eaten deep as though etched there with some corrosive acid. As a transcript from reality it is stronger, simpler, and more convincing than anything Mrs. Craigie has heretofore produced, although it is in the same degree sadder and more bitter. The action of her books usually seems to take place not in the air of every day, but in some remote, spectacular atmosphere where tragedy hurts as little as when we see it on the stage. The world in which "The Serious Wooing" takes place, however, is aggressively genuine, and yet the men and women who people it are either brutes or, if not quite fools, then the helpless dupes of destiny. They are drawn with a vigor and completeness that surpass anything the author has done before. Odo and Carrie Ceppel are brilliantly executed portraits of worldlings with squalid souls. They could not have been impaled before us more surely by Sargent's brush than they have been by Mrs. Craigie's pen.

It surely is not God's world in which Rosabel's little drama is played out. Married by her mother at sixteen to a titled *crétin*, who shortly becomes insane, she falls desperately in love at twenty-three with Jocelyn Luttrell, virile, impetuous, and something of a radical. She leaves her home for him, both proposing to regard themselves as

* "The Serious Wooing." By John Oliver Hobbes. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.

above laws and able to force the world to accept their own view of themselves. Her husband dies on the same day, but she does not know it. Her brother follows her to Luttrell's house and persuades her to come home for a time—until her younger and well-beloved sister marries the highly respectable duke who has just proposed for her. It is not to be expected that the duke and his mother will continue the engagement if Rosabel's flight becomes known. Luttrell is summoned to France on a Socialistic mission, is hurt, and becomes seriously ill there. Rosabel's brother pockets her note of explanation to Luttrell, and all the subsequent correspondence is intercepted. She believes he has deserted her, cast her off, and she is persuaded to marry an old suitor, Wroxall, who knows all her history and remains immeasurably devoted to her. Shortly thereafter Luttrell returns and they both become aware of the deceptions that have been practised upon them. Rosabel believing Wroxall equally responsible with her family for them, promptly deserts him for Luttrell, and they go to live in Nuremberg in simplicity and devotion.

This is a harrowing history. It is made more harrowing by the fact that while the writer presents the love of Rosabel and Luttrell as it seemed to themselves, she nowhere accords it the finality, the decisiveness, which they feel it to have. If the book were a brief for the validity of human affection, it would be less painful. To accept it as a record of the self-deception of passion is to write it down as among the masterpieces of irony. Not Mr. Hardy himself has done anything more merciless.

In "The Right of Way"* Mr. Parker appears for the first time as more novelist than story-teller, that is to say, as more interested in the evolution of character and the ethical implications of events than in events themselves. This, we take it, is the aspect in which we are to see him henceforward.

* "The Right of Way." By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

The book is laid down upon the lines of a great novel. Throughout the better part of it, the reader rejoices in it as fulfilling its large intention. It is only at the end that he lays it down uncertain as to whether it is quite the magnificent performance he believed it about to be.

The doubt is perhaps ungracious in the case of a work of fiction having so many different merits of a high order; it is strong, serious, touching, full of observation and insight. Its problem is a novel one. Given a man who for all practical purposes is dead and buried to his old life; let him be rescued from drowning by a man whom he once saved from the gallows; grant him a long period of absolute loss of memory and of physical regeneration through a simple, wholesome outdoor life; let his memory be restored to him, and with it the knowledge that his wife, believing him dead, has hastened to marry again, and that his rascally brother-in-law has allowed the weight of his own sins to rest on the dead man's name—what is that man's duty? If he has the force to develop a new and regenerate life for himself in the surroundings in which he returns to consciousness, what are the claims upon his conduct of the old life and of the people who have cast him off so utterly? If he loves again, shall the new affection or the old allegiance have the right of way?

The situation is a powerful one. There are two things, and only two, in the unravelling of Charley Steele's complicated knot of fate which the reader would have otherwise: Too much unnecessary suffering is inflicted upon Rosalie, the woman whom he loves in his second life. She has the right to know why their mutual happiness is impossible. If she had understood, as she begged to be allowed to understand, her lot would have been far more endurable, for she would have felt that she bore unhappiness with him, instead of having it imposed upon her by his hand. For the feminine temperament, the difference between the former and the latter condition of misery is the difference between

Heaven and Hell. It is extremely man-like of Steele to withhold the knowledge through which she might have won to peace, but it produces exasperation in the mind of the on-looker. Then, too, in such a drama of the conscience and the will as this, the problem should not be solved by a chance bullet—that is too easy and too familiar a solution to be the true one. The book fails to give entire artistic satisfaction in these two points.

When Mr. Parker wrote "Valmond" he produced a delicate and exquisite piece of literary art which he has never surpassed, nor again equalled. In "The Right of Way" he has sounded a deeper note, produced a richer, more vital, more human piece of work than ever before. When he gives us, as doubtless he soon will, a novel which shall combine the peculiar excellences of these two books, we shall be grasping indeed if we ask more.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

There has probably never been discovered a country with less "atmosphere" than that country of the past which of late has proved alluring to so many writers. It is a theatrical country, full of color and costumes, a land of fair women, crafty villains, and brave men; a land filled with martial review and noise of battle, and often lighted by the glare of burning villages or blazing ships. And over these noisy and sometimes amusing pictures there is no mellowing of any tone. No softening haze, no illusion of reality. Whether the characters are dressed in Roman robes or in the costumes of revolutionary days, one realizes that it is only a masquerade, and, however cleverly the costume is made, it is a modern who speaks from under the old time head-dress, for insight into the past is the quality above all others that is apparently denied our own writers.

Some of the stories are accurate little historical studies and in many of them the authors, with magpie-like delight, have collected a mass of corroborative detail concerning the manners and customs of the time, no doubt under the impression that a thing as illusive as

the spirit of a time could be conveyed by the enumeration of obsolete kitchen utensils. It is not astonishing that the remote part of foreign lands should mean only an opportunity for describing picturesque adventure; much more strange is the feeble grasp that even our best writers have on the near part of this country.

There is still so much of old New England left; so much material is ready to the hand of the student, that gives such clear insight into the mode of life and thought of our forefathers, that one feels that a touch from a clever craftsman would set all this humming with life again. But one story after another has been written concerning the early days of America, each one a fresh disappointment if what the reader looks for is a reconstruction of the past.

"The Tory Lover,"* a book distinguished in many ways from the ordinary historical romance, is not without some of its faults.

Miss Jewett evidently was at much pains to convey the breath of life into her story of the Revolution, but instead of making the time live for one, she merely writes about it, although it is fair to say that she writes about it sympathetically.

It is as a series of pictures that one thinks of the book rather than as a consecutive story, for one is quite convinced that the somewhat uninteresting Mr. Wallingford, who is rather too conspicuously a perfect gentleman, will come to no harm and will in due time be united with Miss Hamilton. The interview between Mary and Madame Wallingford, the description of the monotonous life on shipboard, with the demoralizing results it has on the men, together with other minor incidents, are what raise "The Tory Lover" above the rank and file of historical novels of the year. The character of Paul Jones is the most convincing of any in the book and the one with the greatest personality.

It is, perhaps, too much to demand that, beside the difficult task of making

* "The Tory Lover." By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$1.50.

the personages of a story act as men and women, an author shall enter into the brain of another century and, to the permanent human traits, add that evanescent something that divides the thought of one generation so widely from that of another.

After all, it is a great gift easily to be pleased by the stories one reads and

one should be content in the fact that "The Tory Lover" is a graceful story, and attractively written, and that Miss Jewett has been very merciful in that she has spared us descriptions of the horrors of war—she has so far departed from precedent that not even one Tory is tarred and feathered by indignant patriots. M. H. VORSE.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA: Lately the morning newspaper has not assisted our appetites. We have had some nasty knocks. 'T is true that those who sit in judgment in Fleet Street night by night have a well-intentioned way of hiding unpleasant truths upon back pages, and the wording of the contents bill is designed to let us down gently. All the same, the spirit that is within us is not convinced that the yacht race is "a fiasco," as one journal described it. We have done our best, but others have done better, and the sooner we recognize this in a wholesome way, the better our chance next time.

I picked up a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* the other evening, and found Mr. Dooley as sagacious as ever.

Why is England losin' her supremacy, Hin-nissy? Because Englishmen get down to their jobs at eleven o'clock figurin' a goluf scoor on their cuffs, an' lave at a quarter to twelve on a bicycle. We bate them because 't was th' habit iv' our men iv commerce f'r to be up with th' cock an' down to th' damper before th' cashier came; an' in his office all day long in his shirt sleeves, an' sittin' on th' safe till th' las' man had gone.

Wellington may have said that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton, but Mr. Dooley prefers to think that the "potato fields iv Wexford" had all to do with it. And they had. No one believes any longer that the playing fields of Eton can save us.

Every one prates about our educational methods being at fault, but no one does anything. One may reasonably ask, Are there any schools in England? What is being done to seek

out capacity, and, when found, to turn it to account? Two professions, at any rate, may be named for which many people seem to believe that no training is necessary. The soldier's is one, the schoolmaster's is another. We send out 16,000 untrained men to Kitchener, and expect them to fight skilfully and effectually. A suit of khaki no more makes a soldier than long hair makes a genius. Would not the country and humanity have once more been staggered had we supplemented our navy with similar untrained men? But the navy is one thing, and the army is another. We go on in our self-complacent way, saying Peace, peace, when there is no peace. The instinct of the country is right, but it is led astray by wrong watchwords and wrong war-cries. At the root of the matter lie defective methods of education. The first thing to learn is how to teach, and the most momentous thing just now is how to teach our teachers and our rulers. A surgeon is not allowed to practice upon another man's body until he has passed through a severe and strenuous training, but a schoolmaster may set up anywhere and practise what he pleases upon the impressionable and unresisting mind of any child. The British Association meets and has its annual picnic. Each old man and old woman at the British Association has his or her own particular axe to grind, and that axe has never anything to do with the demands of practical life of to-day, which are neglected in favor of an antediluvian profundity and those "barren and lifeless truths" to which Burke alluded in

his wisdom and discontent. The character and equipment of a citizen is of more importance than the excavation of any Druidical remains or discussion of any bi-metallic theory of coinage.

The wicked baronet has for long been historical; Lucas Malet has trotted him out once more in "Sir Richard Calmady." The public reads this book for three reasons: first, because it has in it a siren; second, because it is by Lucas Malet; and third, because it is uncanny. Sir Richard Calmady appears to have been physically a kind of Barnum "freak." A weak point in Lucas Malet's book is in her making Sir Richard Calmady resent his physical misfortune. Not only are the crippled and deformed the most resigned and uncomplaining among mankind, but they are also among the most courageous and intelligent. Macaulay has mentioned that the two most feeble men, from the physical point of view, who were engaged in the campaign in Holland in 1691, were the hunchbacked cripple who commanded the armies of Louis and the asthmatic scarecrow who was opposed to him. Dickens, in his "Doll's Dressmaker," has given us a type of high intelligence and courage in combination with a deformed and crippled body.

If the baronet figures this month in fiction, so, also, does the duke. The duke, however, is less familiar to the reading public than is the baronet, or even the duchess. There are "descents" and "indiscretions" of duchesses, more or less inaccurately portrayed, but dukes have so far eluded interviews. A duke is believed to be imbecile, but this is not so. The pastime of dukes is to feign slumber. When found, say, in a first-class railway carriage, a duke should, if possible, be kept awake. The young author, of course, will endeavor to engage him in conversation by suggesting the loan of his copy of the "Pink Un." Miss Violet Tweedale in her recent book, "Her Grace's Secret," divides dukes into the recluses and the incompetent. The recluses have my sympathy. The incompetent I have

not yet encountered. In Mr. Connell's new novel, "The Adventures of Captain Daly," there is a duke who perpetually exclaims "Zooks." While pleading an extremely limited personal acquaintance with dukes, I have always been attentive and observant when in their presence, and I have never heard a duke say "Zooks," or even look as though he wanted to say it. Another novel is "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, which, being included in Mr. Heinemann's Dollar Library, reveals itself as of American origin. Few books have been sent here from America possessing such successful qualities as "Sister Carrie." "Sister Carrie" is going solely upon its merits. There appears to be a school of fiction, or a school of publishers, who vend their books as the patent medicine vendor disposes of his pills. They thrust them down your throat. No doubt but that the same people who read the novels take the pills: in fact, one leads to the other. "Sister Carrie" must not be confused with these. Other novels are "Thirteen Evenings," by George Bartram, a new writer who shows great skill in telling a story. "The Romance of a Hill Station," by Mrs. H. S. Laverton, is just the book for a railway journey. In this volume also are thirteen stories dealing for the most part in tremendous love. The illustrations strikingly resemble the pictures with which we are familiar in the *Daily Graphic*!

This is the time of year when we reasonably expect many good books of memoirs. Some are already published and others are to come. Mr. Allen Fea has brought out a very pretty book upon "King Monmouth," but he has failed to tell the world whether or no Charles the Second married Lucy Walter. That is one of the secrets of history which has never been disclosed. As Evelyn said, Lucy was "browne, beautifull, and bold," and Charles the Second had the good taste to like them "browne, beautifull, and bold." Macaulay never satisfied himself or his readers as to whether there was any certificate of marriage between the King and Lucy, but some have since

said that the Duke of Buccleugh keeps it at his banker's.

The two new volumes of "The Dictionary of National Biography" contain an immense amount of valuable matter. Mr. Herbert Paul writes of Gladstone, Mr. Low of Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. E. V. Lucas upon Lewis Carroll. Mr. Paul points out that the defect of Mr. Gladstone's conversation was that he could not help being earnest upon all subjects, and he failed to see that his views on the making of violins were less interesting than his experience of Government by Cabinet. But no one knows better than Mr. Paul that, when a clever man knows a subject well, he never talks about it. Only stupid men talk about the subject they are best acquainted with. Many people have marvelled at Gladstone's memory. Gladstone had not a good memory. Upon subjects such as Homer and Dante, Gladstone was as good as a concordance; but a verbal memory can be acquired by any one with a little practice, hence the great army of bad reciters. A verbal memory is not a fine memory. The finest memory is a memory for ideas, and the next best is a memory for faces, and Gladstone possessed neither of these. Mr. Eustace Miles has published a little volume, "How to Remember Without Memory Systems and With Them." The fallacy of all books upon memory is based upon the theory that every one is desirous of remembering everything. No doubt many foolish people think that it is a pity that they do not remember everything. A good memory is a memory

which rejects, and which does not attempt assimilation beyond its powers. A bad memory accepts, like a pill-box, all useless information, and treats everything as being of equal importance.

The books to look out for are "The Life of Stevenson," by Graham Balfour; Lady Dilke's "French Furniture and Decoration," Miss Lorimer's "Sicily," Dean Hole's "Then and Now," Andrew Lang's "Mystery of Mary Stuart," Hichens' "Prophet of Berkeley Square," and H. G. Wells', "Anticipations." Those who read Mr. Wells' "Time Machine" will be prepared for this new picture of futurity which he has drawn and his great fertility in original ideas. A very amusing idea was described a few days ago in an evening journal. This was the establishment of "A Home Truth Bureau." Every woman who paid a guinea could have some brutal home truth told her which even her own relatives were too timid to utter. The man who is n't getting on socially or the one who is getting on too fast could have the bare truth exploded in a turquoise atmosphere. The rooms were to be turquoise because turquoise has a peculiarly powerful effect upon the female mind. The ugly voice, the bad walk, the impossible ways of doing the hair, were all to be dealt with severely for a guinea. The guinea was deposited in advance. This was a well-designed condition.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1901.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of *THE CRITIC*, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are *Cornelia Atwood Pratt*, *Rev. Charles James Wood*, *Prof. N. S. Shaler*, *Admiral S. B. Luce*, *Fennette Barbour Perry*, *Gerald Stanley Lee*, *Christian Brinton*, *Ruth Putnam*, *P. G. Hubert, Jr.*, *Carolyn Shipman*, *Edith M. Thomas*, *Dr. William Elliot Griffis*, and the editors.

ART

Baldry—Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. A Study and a Biography. By A. L. Baldry. Illustrated. Bell, London; Macmillan, New York. \$15.00.

There seems at first thought to be a shade of discrepancy between the art of Professor von Herkomer and the splendor of this volume wherein his aesthetic effort finds record. Yet few men of his age, or of any age, have touched creative art at so many points. Professor von Herkomer has painted in oils and water-colors and on enamel, has devoted considerable energy to etching and lithography, has modelled in relief friezes and panels, and has designed decorative ornaments. Besides being a teacher of painting and drawing and a lecturer on art, he has figured as composer, playwright, and amateur actor. In certain of his portraits and in much of his work in black and white Professor von Herkomer displays qualities of which the main body of his production contains few hints. Throughout his life he seems, however, to have been the victim of a universality which has helped him to do many things well but none supremely well, and Mr. Baldry's volume reflects admirably this many-sided mediocrity. While the text of the book is not illuminative, Mr. Baldry writes with discretion of his subject, and in point of letter-press and illustration the volume is an enduring joy. None, indeed, can but agree that German romantic sentimentality grafted on British soil here receives its due.

Gibson—A Widow and her Friends. Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Russell. \$5.00.

It need only be said of "A Widow and her Friends" that she has already made many friends among the admirers of Mr. Gibson's manner. This is the sixth in Mr. Gibson's regular series of collected drawings, and it differs from its predecessors, at least—numerically.

BIOGRAPHY

Brown—Biographical Dictionary of the United States. Edited by John Howard Brown. In six volumes. Vols. I-IV. Illustrated. Lamb & Co. \$7.00 per vol.

Not the least merits of the present work are that it records facts, and not opinions, and that, while it covers every figure of national importance in the past, it also treats men and women of contemporaneous moment. The biographical sketches are short and concise, and, though errors are inevitable, their proportion is comparatively slight. While making no pretence of doing for America what the late George M. Smith accomplished for English biography, these volumes perhaps foreshadow a

similar work, and unquestionably are, in themselves, an advance upon previous undertakings.

Lee—Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Supplement. Vol. I. Abbott—Childers. Vol. II, Chippendale—Hoste. Macmillan. \$3.75.

The initial volume of this supplement is notable through the inclusion of a Memoir of George M. Smith, the founder and projector of the Dictionary of National Biography, from the pen of its present editor, Mr. Sidney Lee. The general contents of the two volumes are of particular interest, covering, of course, men who have only recently passed away—diverse and absorbing spirits, such as John Bright, Robert Browning, Aubrey Beardsley, Bishop Creighton, Freeman, Froude, Gladstone, and others. These supplementary volumes are uniform with the body of the work and reflect the same admirable qualities and minor defects so ably pointed out in Mr. Havelock Ellis's paper on the Dictionary as a whole in a recent number of this magazine.

Leonard—Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. 1901-1902. Edited by John W. Leonard. Marquis & Co., \$2.75.

The current edition of "Who's Who in America" is, in many essentials, a new work. It is nearly twice the size of its predecessor and includes revisions which greatly increase its scope and purpose.

Michie—General McClellan. By Gen. Riter S. Michie. Appleton. \$1.50 net.

This new volume of the "Great Commanders" series was finished by its author, with the exception of the preface and index, only two months before his death in February, 1901. The task was a difficult and delicate one, but in our opinion it has been performed with singular discretion and impartiality. The book may not escape criticism from those who take extreme views on either side of the widely divergent estimates of McClellan's military ability and operations; but the general verdict of unprejudiced readers is likely to accord with that of an accomplished army officer who saw the proof-sheets and pronounces it "absolutely so impartial and just as to possess almost the quality of finality, so far as McClellan's qualities as a commander are concerned."

FICTION

Boothby—My Strangest Case. By Guy Boothby. Page & Co., \$1.50.

Every one knows that all good detective stories are written backwards. Of course the author has casu-

ally to select his crime first, but second, of course, and most important, he selects his dénouement, and the complications which lead up to it, and then he goes back and picks out the antepenultimate complications, and so on back to the theft or murder.

It is to be feared that the author of "My Strangest Case" did not observe the rules of the game. The story reads as though, after selecting his plot, he had failed to begin at the other end, but had instead tried to write forward toward his dénouement. At all events, it is certain that his best attention is centred on the crime, which is both picturesque and weighty, but the rest of the story hangs out in the air like the graduated arm of an old-fashioned pair of hand-scales.

Catherwood—Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.

In "Lazarre" Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood offers a romance whose incidents carry the reader back and forth between the American frontier and France of the Empire. The hero's relation to history is so shadowy as to be no burden, and yet sufficiently well-defined to serve as a lure to the imagination. He is, in brief, the supposed Dauphin of France, the son of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, who, according to the fuller abstracts and chronicles of his time, died in prison, but whose removal to America is hinted in certain footnotes to history. However this may have been, one Eleazar Williams, the reputed son of a half-breed Indian who lived in northern New York in the early years of the last century, was not without reason for believing himself the lost Dauphin.

It is however, wholly beside the point to analyze Williams's equities as a pretender to the French throne. This is, in short, a romance, and not a brief for the claimant,—a love story, if you please, and one whose leading figures possess unusual qualities of distinction.

This is not an "historical novel" in the sense that has grown so tiresomely familiar of late,—of a slight scaffolding of fancy, built around a stalwart nucleus of fact. The author has not followed servilely the familiar highways, but has plunged boldly into the wilderness after an obscure and shadowy figure. Cooper and Parkman first brought the earlier American frontier to a printed page, and several romancers have since followed their blazed path with marked success. In "Lazarre," however, the opportunity offered to the story-teller is unique, and Mrs. Catherwood has managed it with full appreciation of its possibilities. Her gift for story-telling, often demonstrated before in short stories of the West and Northwest, and first strikingly revealed in her graceful "Romance of Dollard," here finds free expression. She has succeeded in constructing a romance of sustained charm and interest and one that makes final employment of all the material on which it is based. It is difficult to recall, in all our American romantic revival, another tale that so happily shows a combination of good literary workmanship with the gift for story-telling. A reading of "Lazarre" gives one the agreeable sensation of witnessing a romantic drama of great beauty, that touches life on many sides, but never hopelessly or by any appeal to the false or ugly, and that rises greatly to a climax at once adequate and satisfying.

Chambers—Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. Harper, \$1.50.

"Cardigan" is an historical romance that opens in

1774 at the seat of Sir William Johnson, whose ward the hero is. The story deals with events on the New York frontier from that time until the battle of Lexington. It is full of Indians, scouts, couriers, and divers adventures breezily told. If, on the one hand, it is not at all pre-eminent among a host of similar stories, still, on the other, it is impossible for Mr. Chambers to be utterly stupid and uninteresting, even when he is doing so suffocating a thing as a new historical romance!

Jordan—Tales of the Cloister. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Illustrated. Harper, \$1.15, net.

In these ten stories of cloister life, Miss Jordan has embodied an intimate knowledge of life within and without convent walls. The style is distinctly narrative, of the crisp, satisfactory kind. The point of view is more comprehensive and more sympathetic than in the author's first book of stories, "Tales of the City Room," interesting as that group was. Perhaps the strongest feeling aroused in the reader by this last book is the conviction of the tragedy that lies buried from the world behind those quiet walls, where live so many women who have put the world from sight. The pathos of the repression of natural emotion is forcibly shown by Miss Jordan. One almost cries out against it, so intense is the realism of the scenes she describes. One of the best stories, "The Woman who Was," might have had a more fitting title as "The Convent Girl."

McLaws—When the Land Was Young. By Lafayette McLaws. Lothrop, \$1.50.

There exists a class of books that are the better for being bad—bad from a literary point of view. "When the Land Was Young" is one of these. Its limitations make it possible. One touch of reality and the book would have lost its charm. As it is, the verve with which the story is told, together with its frank impossibility, make one forget its other faults, or, rather, wipe out its faults; for the book falls within the realm of pure story-telling, and is a rambling tale that demands nothing of its writer save spirit in the telling, and plenty of incident, and demands nothing whatever of the reader.

It was M. Anatole France who longed to see great dramas played by marionettes, that he need not be disturbed by the personality of the actors. It is with somewhat the same feeling that one reads Miss Lafayette McLaws's book, where one finds nothing but the story; no subtleties, no trying attempts at character-drawing. For everything is amazingly simplified in "When the Land Was Young"; and if, for a moment, one is fortunate enough to read with the uncritical mind of a child, one can be happy in reading this book. After all, the only books that can lay claim to being real historical novels have been written by the greatest masters. One must turn to Thackeray or Stevenson or Flaubert, or a few great people, if one wishes to find the past. All the other mass of historical stuff has been vanity and vexation of spirit.

Miss McLaws is nearer the right path, and certainly more artistic, with her gay little marionettes that do their part with so much untiring vigor in "When the Land Was Young," than are most of the solemnly pretentious historical-novel writers, whose deadly compromise between psychology and romance has wearied us all so much.

Rynd—Mrs. Green. By Evelyn Elyse Rynd. Putnam, 75c.

A loquacious English village char-woman furnishes Miss Rynd with her subject. Her descriptions of Mrs. Green's eccentricities are as entertaining in their way as Mr. Dooley's ideas. "'Arriet was 'er name,' said Mrs. Green, thoughtfully, after a moment's sorrowful meditation, 'now that I comes to think of it.' 'Whose name?' said I. 'Arriet's,' replied Mrs. Green, from the depths of still greater thought. 'And what did Harriet do?' I asked, conversationally. 'She never done it, pore soul,' said Mrs. Green, gloomily.'" This extract gives an illustration of Mrs. Green's method of conveying information.

HISTORY

Thorpe—A History of the American People. By Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D. McClurg & Co., \$1.50.

It is a curious fact that a condensed book—hard reading that it is—is considered the proper food for the general public, for unskilled readers. This is no careless work, but Dr. Thorpe attempts to comprise within six hundred pages the outline of the discovery, colonization, growth, and present condition of the United States. He differentiates the different settlements and discusses the Civil and Cuban Wars, and the expansion policy. From Columbus to President McKinley, the title might be. Naturally, in many phases the perspective is all wrong, but a background is thereby made for the narrative of the last twenty-five years, which fills the concluding chapters. And this narrative is valuable for those who are just too young to have lived the late past, which is hard to find out of newspapers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Townsend—Asia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. Putnam, \$2.50 net.

Fruit like this on the tree of literature does not abound. The twentieth century's chief problem is the union of the oriental and the occidental civilizations. So very valuable is this contribution to the discussion, that the American at first will feel disappointed. It is not of Chinese but of Hindoo Asia, that Mr. Townsend writes. Nevertheless, so richly informed and so deep a thinker illuminates the whole subject included under his title. Light, and clear light, too, is thrown into the "chasm of colors," wherein the brown, black, and yellow are contrasted with the white. We must believe the author to be thoroughly orthodox, when he teaches that the "fusion of the continents has never occurred and . . . will never occur." The Chinaman does not become an American in San Francisco nor a Bengalee in Calcutta. Shall we make conquest? The East will always "let the legions thunder past." Nevertheless, let us Americans cheer up. Here is an Englishman who actually understands and appreciates us. "The suave and humorous American will possibly become the most popular of men with Asiatics." Why? Because he will not rule, he likes not another color, he will not mix with Asiatics on an equality, he has no interest in conquering Asia, he does not believe sovereignty absolutely essential to trade, and he can convey ideas more acceptably than any other. Good! Sound! True! So, fun and good humor will conquer more than guns, powder, and reconcentration? He says so. The very titles of Mr.

Townsend's thirty essays (including introduction), show his grip and power, but the text must be read in order to appreciate the author's profound insight and power. "The Charm of Asia for the Asiatics," must be pondered by those who dream of what Alexander, the Romans, the Crusaders, and, thus far, British and Russian have failed to do—conquer or greatly change Asia. "The Reflex Influence of Asiatic Ideas" is suggestive, and the paper on the great Arabian (Mahammed) superb. Other chapters on race-hatred, abstemiousness, justice, cruelty, fanaticism, barbarism, and other traits of the men who live on the biggest of continents (yet traits not wholly Asiatic) will compel reflection when read. "The Future of the Negro" seems as dark as his skin, unless he gain power to accumulate thought or his breed be crossed. Conquest, by arms at least, will fail to unify Asia, because such conquest brings evils which overbalance all its gifts. In prophecy, Mr. Townsend declares that the Nicaragua Canal once cut, "the trade of the United States will be one of the greatest the world has ever seen, and Asia will fill a large space in American imaginations always influenced by the spectacle of the gigantic."

TRAVEL

Van Dyke—The Desert: Further Studies in Natural Appearance. By John C. Van Dyke. Scribner, \$1.25 net.

The fruit of two years of wandering out of society into solitude, has in this book borne rich fruitage. Mr. Van Dyke has created his own subject, and here, instead of telling us about canvas, draughtsmanship, and pigments, he describes the desert, which "has gone a-begging for a word of praise these many years. It never had a secret poet: it has in me only a lover," he writes. All the wonders of the great American desert—not of the old maps in our boyhood days, but that which stretches down the Pacific coast, and across Arizona and Sonora—are here described. Whatever may appeal to the lover of beauty, of color, of reality's transfiguration in mirage, of grandeur, might, or weirdness, of loneliness and desolation, is painted for us in fitting words. The origins, the materials, the phenomena of the desert unpolluted by man, the inhabitants, vegetable and animal, have been studied with minute care. No terrors, no hideousness deter this seeker after the reality of things from his pursuit of truth and beauty. Without a quarrel with civilization, he shows eloquently and powerfully how far Nature exceeds man, who mars, wastes, and destroys her resources. With power equal to Ruskin and Michelet, and with minute daintiness as of Giacomelli's pencil, the winged and hoofed life and the wind-sculptured cliffs are pictured with the thrill and delight of a discoverer. The author has made what he saw visible to us, his readers. One strong chapter describes the Silent River—the Colorado. This will be welcomed with grateful thanks by those who wish our countries' glories revealed, and certainly this book is a revelation.

Wellby—'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. An account of an expedition from Zeila to Cairo, through unknown Abyssinia. By Captain M. S. Wellby. Harper, \$2.50.

One has but to consult the very latest maps of Abyssinia in our best atlases and geographical publications, to see how handsomely the late Captain Wellby has added to science. A Rugby boy, born

in 1866, he explored and mapped out in 1894 and 1895 much of the then untrodden Somali land. In 1896, he travelled from Cashmere to Peking, and his book "Through Unknown Thibet" resulted. He has again added to the inspiring literature of knowledge gained through hardship and endurance. He was killed in the Boer war last August.

While the Sirdar Kitchener was preparing to deliver his annihilating blow at the dervish power, Wellby planned to appear with a handful of men at the south of Khartoum simultaneously with the arrival of the British troops from the North. How he carried out his programme is told in this portly volume, which crackles with adventure and shows a most winsome traveller whose courage was unquailing and whose good nature was imperturbable. Plenty of good pictures from photographs brighten his text, and dulness in narration is unknown. From Zeila, on the Gulf of Aden, the journey was made southwestwardly through Somaliland to Lake Rudolf. Along the eastern side and around the southern point of this water and up the valley of the Ruzi to the Sobat River, and thence to Khartoum and Cairo, made the round trip. He met all sorts of dark-skinned men and had lively adventures with many sorts of beasts, enjoying the big game with a sportsman's delight. The most interesting part of the narrative is that which tells of the Abyssinians, who eat raw meat and profess and practise a very raw sort of Christianity, of which we have some glimpses—for the Captain

went to church at Harrar. Here, instead of praying in their hats, in the correct London style, the worshippers stood bareheaded, leaning on brass-topped sticks five feet long, the staves of the clergy or priests having silver tops. The King of kings, or the Emperor Menelik and the Queen Taitu, of ample avoirdupois, seem to be interesting characters. These rulers and their subjects are not to be despised, as Italy found and other nations of Europe may yet find to their cost. Evidently British prestige had risen since the Sirdar's victory, and it worked well for the Captain in his travels. Unfortunately, cutting his forefinger in opening a "tin" of meat, the bold explorer lost not only his digit, but also the use and enjoyment of his rifle while in the savage part of Africa, yet he kept on, despite pain. The lovely scenery charmed him, and fed his ambition, ill-concealed, which was one day to govern and develop this profitable and fertile country. It scarcely need be said that in spite of "devil-infested" portions, the land traversed is very rich in natural resources. Undoubtedly, the effect upon the minds of readers of this book will be to stimulate their hunting and exploiting propensities. Besides a pleasant and easy style, we have here a wonderful picture of life in both known and unknown Africa and of the influence of the white on the black man. Like a bright-colored silken thread, is the story of the Captain's companion—a fox-terrier named Lady, which lost interest in life after her master left Egypt for England.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK.

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian.*

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
- Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)
- The Story of my Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead & Co., vols. 3 and 4, \$7.50.)
- The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
- The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers, \$1.50.)
- Some Records of a Later Life. Granville. (Longmans, \$5.00.)
- World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)
- The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
- A Book of Remembrance. Gillespie. (Lippincott, \$2.50.)
- My Autobiography. Müller. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
- History of the U. S. Navy. Maclay. (Appleton, 3 vols., \$3.00.)
- Love Letters of Victor Hugo. (Harper, \$3.00.)
- Her Royal Highness, Woman. O'Rell. (Abbey Press, \$1.50.)
- Mosquitoes. Howard. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
- Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Library Reports on Popular Books

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Empresses of France. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Mechanics' Institute Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.25 net.)

The Life of General McClellan. Michie. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane, \$1.50.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

A Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. Wellby. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novels.

The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W. PLUMMER, Librarian.

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Solitary Summer. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Evolution of Immortality. McConnell. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL, Librarian.

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Laws of Scientific Hand-reading. Benham. (Putnam, \$5.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. Wright. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)

The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

ATLANTA, GA.

Carnegie Library. ANNE WALLACE, Librarian.

Outlines of Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Journey in Brazil. Agassiz. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50.)

Degeneration. Nordau. (Appleton, \$3.50.)

The Mushroom Book. Marshall. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)

Teaching a Science. Hall. (Bardeen, \$1.00.)

Opera, Past and Present. Apthorp. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

Masters of Music. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Between the Andes and the Ocean. Curtis. (Stone, \$2.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS, Librarian.

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Great Books as Life Teachers. Hillis. (Revell, \$1.50.)

The Story of my Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead & Co., vols. 3 & 4, \$7.50.)

Stage Reminiscences. Gilbert. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page, & Co., \$1.50.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper,
\$1.50.)
The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead
& Co., \$1.40.)
History of the United States. Fiske. (Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead &
Co., \$1.50.)
Spiritual Significance. Whiting. (Little, Brown,
& Co., \$1.00.)
Winning of the West. Roosevelt. (Putnam, 4
vols., \$10.00.)
Mosquitoes. Howard. (McClure, Phillips & Co.,
\$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Public Library. FRED'K H. HILD, *Librarian.*

- Innocents Abroad. Twain. (Am. Pub. Co.,
\$3.50.)
In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell,
\$1.25.)
Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg,
\$1.50.)
Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Rand, Mc-
Nally, \$2.50.)
The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen.
(Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00)
Love Letters of a Musician. Reed. (Putnam,
2 vols., \$1.75 ea.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan,
\$1.75.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper,
\$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Public Library. HENRY M. UTLEY, *Librarian.*

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper,
\$1.50.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Ten Singing Lessons. Marchesi. (Harper, \$1.50.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)
Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead
& Co., \$1.40.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen.
(Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

Helena Public Library. MARY C. GARDNER,
Acting Librarian.

- Household History of the United States. Eggleston.
(Appleton, \$2.50.)
Works on the Crusades.
A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Double-
day, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
Stories of Insect Life. Weed and Murtfeldt.
(Ginn, 2 vols., \$0.55.)
Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages.
Emerton. (Ginn, \$1.12.)
Student's History of England. Gardiner. (Long-
mans, \$3.00.)
Nature Study for Common Schools. Jackman.
(Holt, \$1.20.)
Nature Study for Grammar Grades. (Macmillan,
\$1.00.)
Five Years of my Life. Dreyfus. (McClure,
Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
Methods and Aids in Geography. King. (Lee &
Shepard, \$1.25.)
Works of Dante and Studies of his Life and Works.

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Free Public Library. ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Li-
brarian.*

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.50.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)
Complete Palmist. Uiblo. (Mackel, \$1.00.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harpers, \$2.00.)
Her Royal Highness, Woman. O'Rell. (Abbey
Press, \$1.25.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper,
\$1.50.)
New York in Fiction. Maurice. (Dodd, Mead
& Co., \$1.50.)
Great Boer War. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips &
Co., \$1.50.)
Works of Theodore Roosevelt. Sagamore Ed.
(Putnam, 15 vols., \$7.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Library Reports on Popular Books

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Public Library. MRS. CARRIE WESTLAKE
WHITNEY, *Librarian.*

- Alfred the Great. Hughes. (Macmillan, \$1.00.)
Rough Riders. Roosevelt. (Scribners, \$2.00.)
The Winning of the West. Roosevelt. (Putnam,
4 vols., \$10.00.)
Wilderness Hunter. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
Stories of Famous Operas. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead
& Co., \$1.50.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Har-
pers, \$3.00.)
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain.
(Harpers, \$1.75.)
Petroleum. Brantt. (Baird, \$7.50.)
Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. Leroy-
Beaulieu. (Putnam, 3 vols., \$9.00.)
Mikado's Empire. Griffiths. (Harpers, \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co., \$1.50.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Public Library. MARY L. JONES, *Librarian.*

- In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell,
\$1.25.)
Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg,
\$1.50.)
Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)
The Love Letters of Bismarck. (Harpers, \$3.00.)
The Love Letters of Victor Hugo. (Harpers, \$3.00.)
China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribners, 2 vols.,
\$7.50.)
Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harpers,
\$1.50.)
Classic Myths. Gayley. (Ginn & Co., \$2.00.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harpers, \$2.50.)
Roosevelt's Works. Sagamore Ed. (Putnam, 15
vols., \$7.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Public Library. J. K. HOSMER, *Librarian.*

- The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen.
(Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.
Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribners, \$7.50.)
The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman.
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
Books and Culture. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.,
\$1.25.)
Nature and Culture. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.,
\$1.25.)

- Work and Culture. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.,
\$1.25.)

- Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin.
(Scribners, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Free Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN,
Librarian.

- Masters of Music. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead & Co.,
\$1.50.)
White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham,
\$12.00.)
Book of the Master. Adams. (Putnam, \$1.00.)
Apes and Monkeys. Garner. (Ginn, \$2.00.)
Manual of Irrigation and Engineering. Wilson.
(Wiley & Sons, \$4.00.)
Days near Paris. Hare. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)
Seven Great American Poets. Hart. (Silver,
Burdett & Co., \$1.00.)
Her Royal Highness, Woman. O'Rell. (Abbey
Press, \$1.50.)
Lovers of the Woods. Boardman. (McClure,
Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
Rudyard Reviewed. Peddicord. (Marsh & Co.,
\$1.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*

- Five Years of my Life. Dreyfus. (McClure,
Phillips, & Co., \$1.50.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)
The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen.
(Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper,
\$1.50.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper,
\$3.00.)
Dead Calypso. Robertson. (Robertson, \$1.50.)
Indian Basketry. James. (Malkan, \$2.00.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
Human Nature Club. Thorndike. (Longmans,
\$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

- D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

City Library Association. JOHN C. DANA,
Librarian.

- The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen.
(Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

China and the Allies. Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Gas, Gasoline, and Oil Vapor Engines. Hiscox. (Scribner, \$2.75.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

St. Paul Public Library. HELEN J. MCCAINE, Librarian.

Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination. Leupp. (Hinds & Noble, \$2.00.)

The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism. Shaftesbury. (Martyn Col. Ass'n., \$4.00.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Syracuse Public Library. LYDIA G. SHRIMP-
TON, Librarian.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harpers, \$2.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harpers, \$1.50.)

Works. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR., Librarian.

Henry Drummond. Lennox. (Briggs, \$1.00.)

Trooper 8008 I. Y. Peel. (Arnold, \$3.00.)

Progress of South Africa in the Century. Sheal. (Linscott, \$2.00.)

History of Egypt, vol. vi. Lane-Poole. (Methuen & Co., \$2.40.)

A Diary of the Siege of the Legations at Peking, during the Summer 1900. Oliphant. (Longmans, \$1.50.)

A Sack of Shakings. Bullen. (Pearson, \$1.50.)

The Autobiography of a Journalist, 2 vols. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$6.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Life of Marquess Townshend. Townshend. (Murray, \$6.40.)

The World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

Cinderella. Crockett. (Copp, Clark & Co., \$1.25.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GREEN, Librarian.

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.40.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribners, \$2.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)